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A MAGAZINE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

MAY 1950

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 40 No. 5 MAY, 1950

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CONTENTS

Cover Design by *M. Haylett*

Articles

International Wallflowers
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations
by *Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.* 13 and 86

Who Are The Middle Classes?
by Guy Livingston 14–15 and 80

Ghost Train To The Orient
by *Harry J. Greenwall* 16 and 78

When Britain Was On Show A Century Ago
by *Curtiss Hamilton* 20 and 85

The Legend Of "Saba Gin"
Written
by *Warren Armstrong*
Illustrated
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24 and 90

The Story Of The Cross
by *Frances Faure*
Decoration
by *J. Nicolson* 25 and 75

Part-Time Countrywoman
by *Sarah French*
Illustration
by *Bernard Powell* 28 and 76

Life In The Far-Off Shetlands
by *Richard Perry* 32–33 and 90

Seeds For To-morrow's Trees
by *David Gunston* 34–35

Books :
by *Trevor Allen* 36 and 65

Home Section

Seen In Passing 37

Present Indicative 38–39

Fashion Can't Push Us Around 40–41

Cottage Recreated 42–43

What's In A Name? 44

Small Scale Collecting 45 and 70

That Professional Finish 46–47

White For Sunshine 48 and 66

All Set For Summer 49

These Are New 50

These Are Back 51

Middle-Age Dread 52

Slip Into These 55

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Under Par Complaint 56
How Do You Want To Look 56–57

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Milky Way 58–59 and 92
Chicken In The Spring 58–59 and 92

Bedtime Story 60

Straw In The Wind 61

Stories

Dictator's End
by *Thurman Warriner*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 9–12 and 66

The Disintegration Of Martin Paul
by *Keith Young*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 17–19 and 70

One Shot Too Many
by *George Boyd*
Illustration
by *W. L. Wynne* 26–27 and 62

She Was A Menace
by *Michael Hastings* 29–31 and 82

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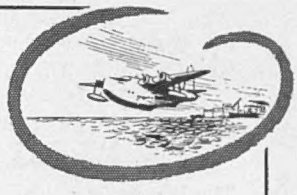

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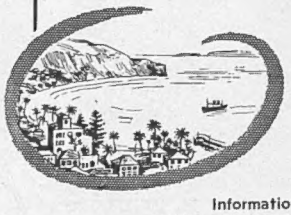

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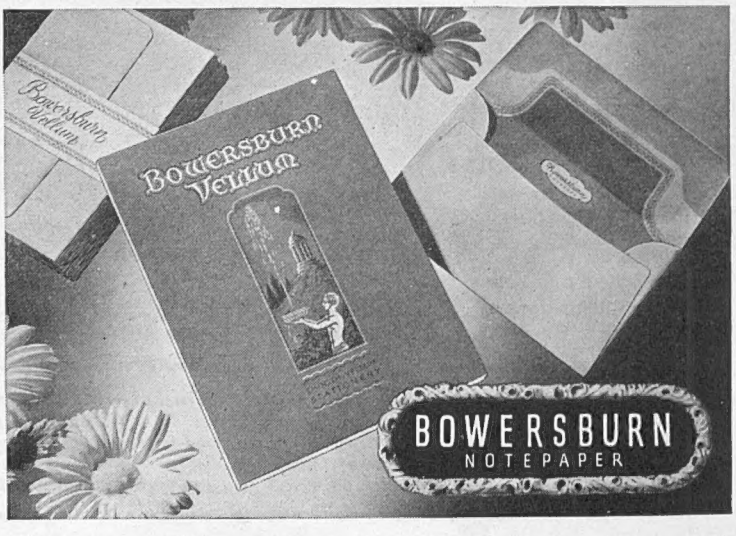

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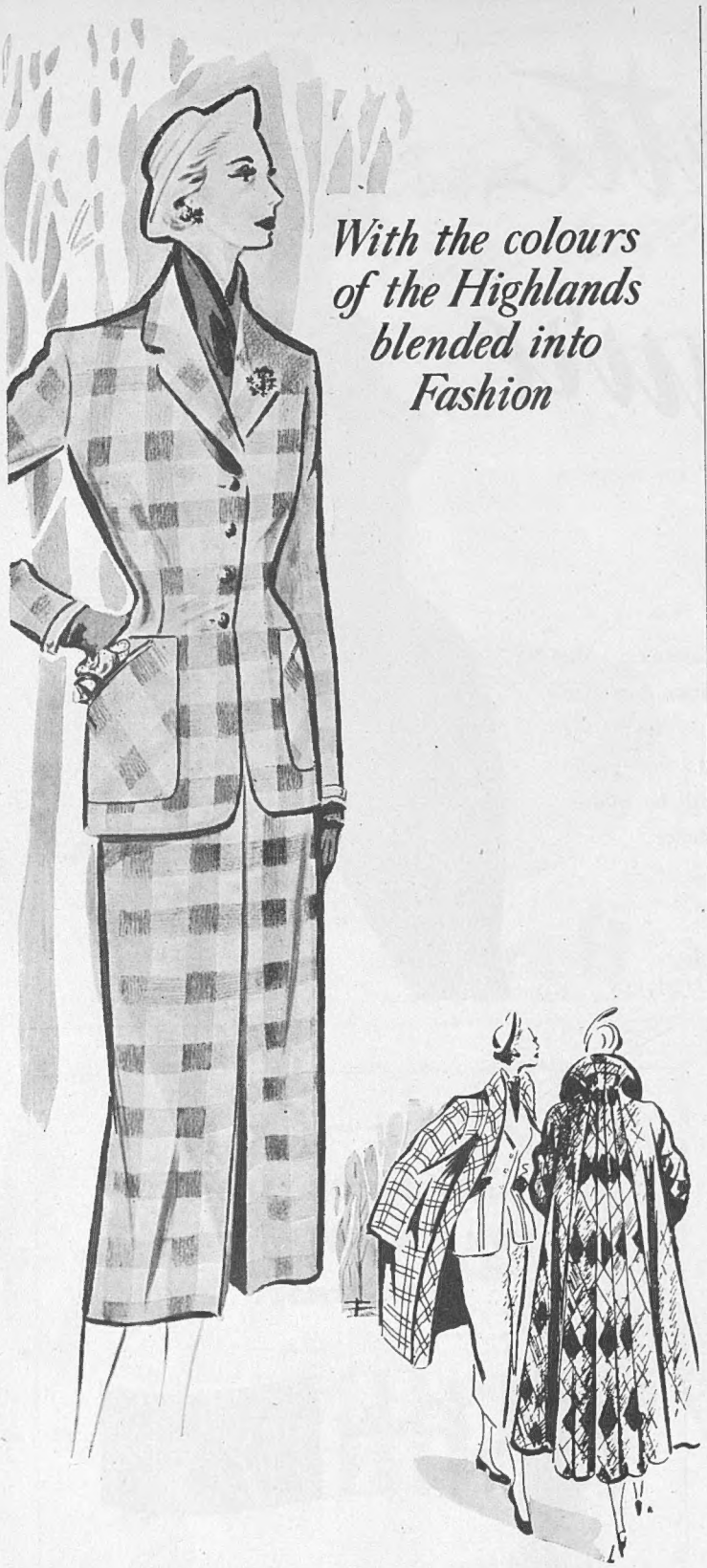

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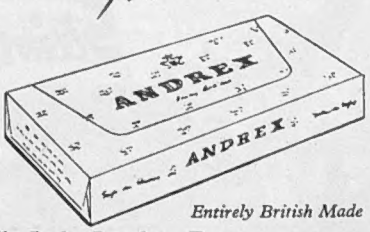

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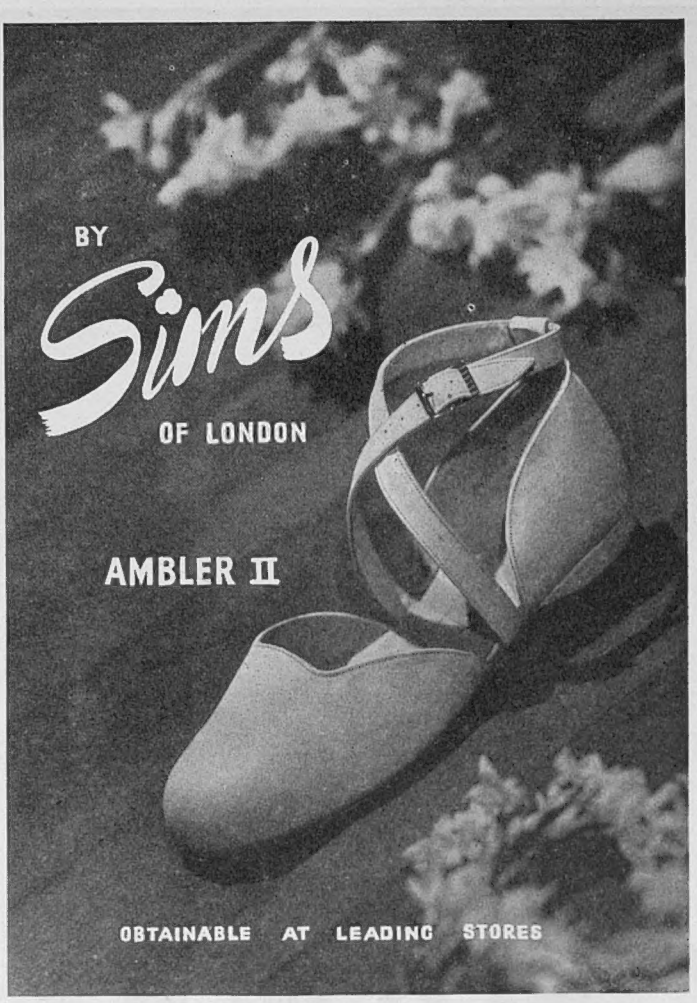

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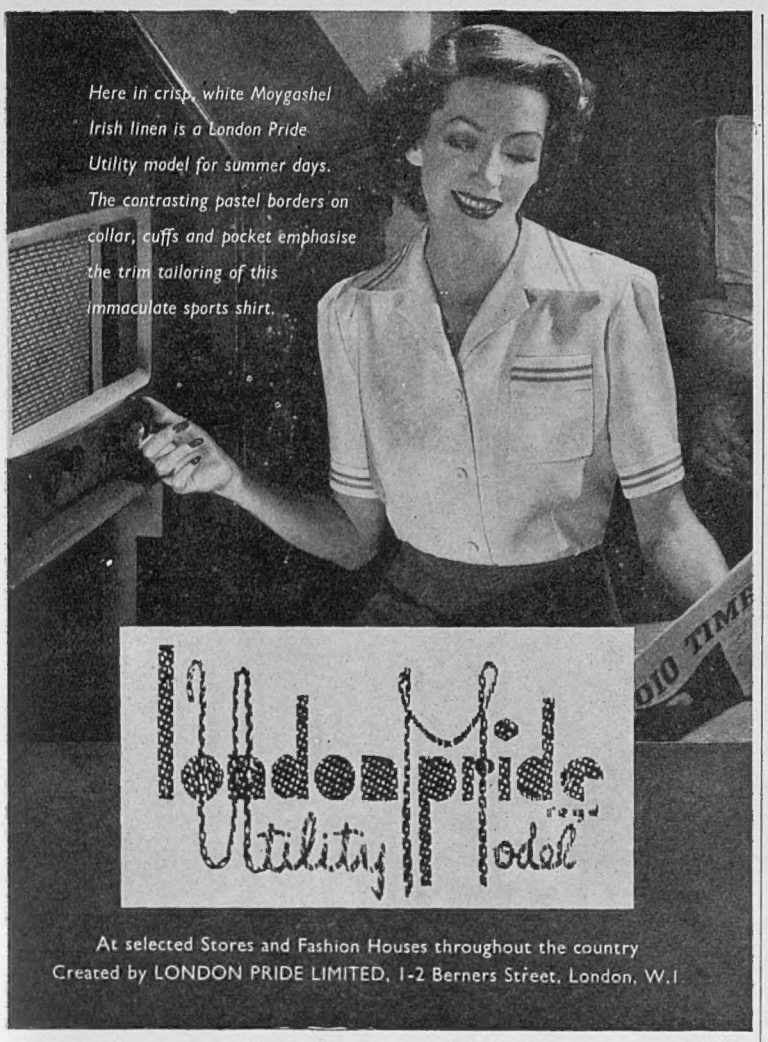
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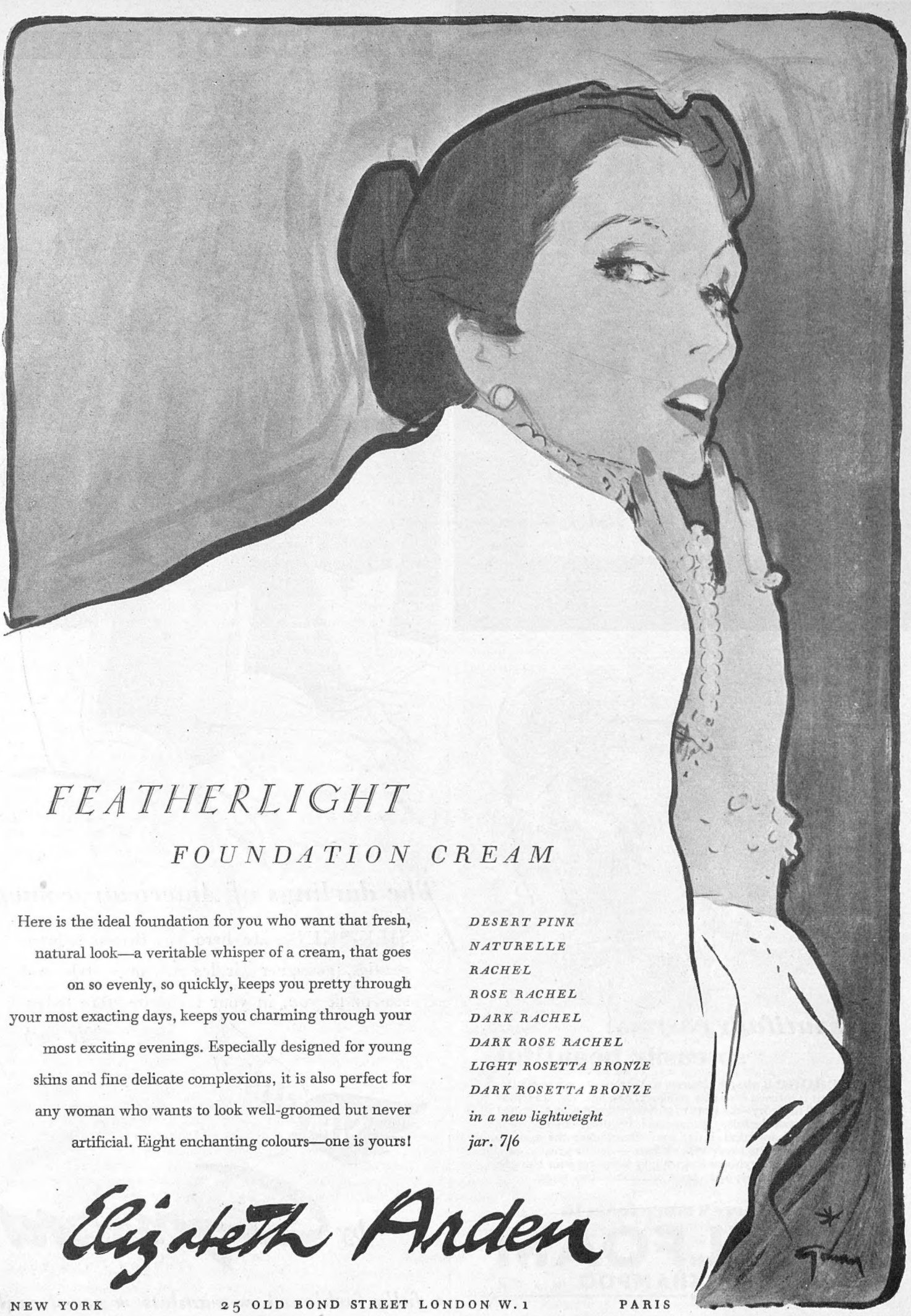

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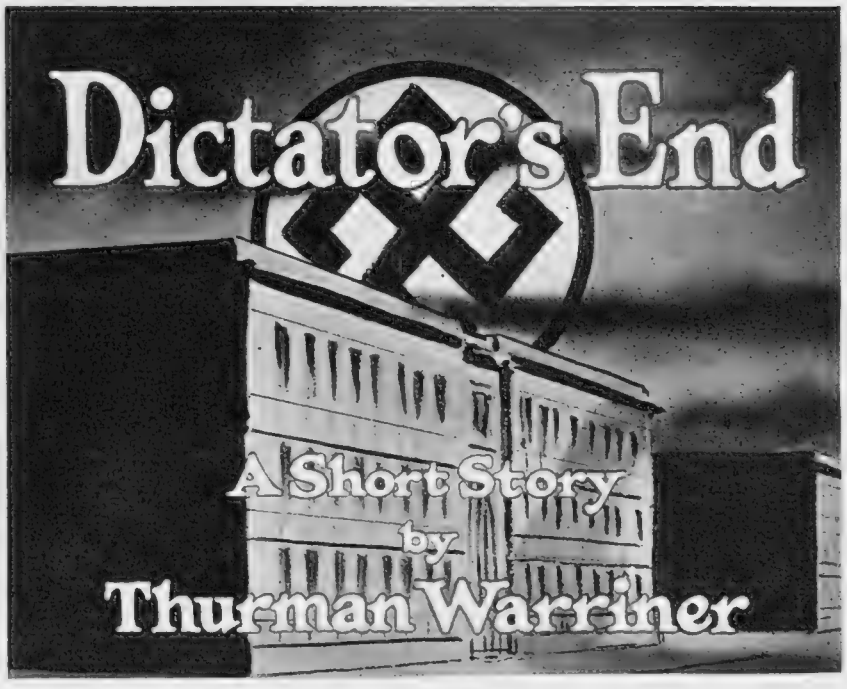
I looked at him squarely. "You must have been told by many people how closely you resemble him."

Dictator's End



A Short Story

by

Thurman Warriner

WHEN first I saw him, he was limping along the Avenida Rio Branco, contemplating the traffic, the morning crowds and the allurements of shop windows with the detached interest of a man who has all the time in the world.

He vaguely reminded me of someone—not any personal friend, but some public figure I had probably once encountered. His right sleeve, flat and empty, was pushed into the pocket of his threadbare jacket. Obviously, he was down on his luck. Even if his shabby clothes had not told the story, I should have known by the swift, practised movement he made towards the gutter as a passer-by discarded a cigarette butt, and the greedy enjoyment with which he smoked it down to the last shred.

Presently he came over the wide, sun-drenched road, walking with the shadow of a once-insolent swagger. At close quarters I saw that his face was fleshy and pale, his hair lank and dark and smooth, his mouth sardonic. He approached the sidewalk café where I was sitting, came to my table, sat well back in the chair and crossed his legs, easing one over the other with respect to his wry knee. A man with a few milrei for coffee, his manner proclaimed, had rights there as inviolable as any millionaire's in Rio.

But he could not forbear a greedy glance when I took from my pocket a pack of American cigarettes. On impulse (and with a simulated courtesy which, I hoped, would take the sting out of charity) I held the pack towards him. I remarked that it was annoying to have left one's supply at home and be unable to buy one's favourite brand.

He bowed slightly from the waist, selecting a cigarette with exaggerated ceremony. I struck a match, and watched him inhale. The episode, trivial as it was, started one of those desultory conversations that flower in the drowsy hours of mid-morning.

He tacitly admitted, though with no loss of the dignity that contrasted so oddly with his appearance, that things were not so good with him. I mentioned that up-country—at Sabara, for instance, where I had been the previous week—there might be better opportunities than here, where competition was keener. He nodded comprehendingly.

"I have given the matter careful consideration," he said, "but decided against it."

His manner of speech can best be described as cosmopolitan. I have met Germans and mid-Europeans who, after long sojourn in Latin countries, developed a similar *patois*.

"I am one of those individuals," he continued, "call them fortunate or unfortunate as you like, who have the power to see a little way ahead."

"You mean what we call business foresight," I said, "or perhaps a type of clairvoyance?"

"Something between the two . . . I have curious dreams."

"Ah, precognition!"

"I would not go as far as that, Sir. In fact, I do not refer to dreams in the ordinary sense. Shall I say that my subconscious mind seems to gather and assess the factors of a given situation, and presents to me a picture of what will happen if I follow such and such a course."

"It must be very useful," I said.

"Once," he assured me with a smile, "it was. I owe my life to it."

We drank our coffee and I ordered more. By this time he was seated obliquely at the table, so that we faced each other. I gave him another cigarette, assured him that I had a second pack in my pocket, and begged him to accept the remainder. He took them with another slight, ironic bow.

" You are one of those rare people," he complimented me, " who can make a social occasion of charity. A man of considerable tact. You would have done well, Sir, in the Diplomatic Service."

" At one time," I told him, " and in a minor capacity, I was in the Diplomatic Service. That is why I hazard the guess that you were born a long way from here. Shall we say in——"

" I prefer not to be reminded of it," he interrupted. " You are very perceptive."

" Not at all. After seven years in Polzdam I should know the accent."

He was silent a moment. " In pursuit of your duties," he said, " I wonder if ever you met Gruber ? "

" Not personally," I admitted. " But I was several times on the fringes of the crowd when he was speaking. On the balcony of the Gruberhof, in the Sportzarena."

I looked at him squarely. " You must have been told by many people how closely you resemble him."

" Gruber ? Oh, yes ! I am not unaware of it."

Subsequent events have somewhat eclipsed Gruber as an international figure, but there was a time, of course, when European statesmen trembled at the sound of his curiously hypnotic voice, when even Britain glanced uneasily to her defences. It will be recalled that Britain was, in fact, one of those irritated and much-abused countries who at last combined to quieten Gruber's threats by force. . . . But that is history.

My acquaintance was gazing thoughtfully down the street, a million miles removed in its opulence and gaiety from the squalor of razed cities and displaced persons.

" I wonder," he said slowly, " what became of Gruber ? "

" Surely ! " I said. " Isn't it common knowledge that he committed suicide when his capital was surrounded and capitulation was inevitable ? "

" Do you believe that ? "

" What else is there to believe ? "

He shook his head. " Gruber ! The man who stood under his canopy of searchlights and made the world shudder with a lift of his finger. Gruber—to die in a concrete hole 50 ft. below the ground, to die like a rat in a corner ! Oh, no, my friend ! Does it make sense ? Was such a death in character ? "

" Perhaps not. But, if I remember accurately—all this was so long ago—a Commission of Enquiry found evidence which pointed unmistakably in that direction ? "

" Precisely the evidence," he said equably, " that you or I, Sir, or any other farseeing man would have placed there to be found if we had decided to change the sphere of our activities. Gruber was less a patriot than a gangster, and a gangster's instincts are always towards self-preservation. Do you not agree ? Is it conceivable to you that a man with Gruber's resources would omit to provide himself with a way of escape ? "

The theory was not entirely new to me, but I had never seriously entertained it. Indeed, Gruber and all his works had long ceased to occupy my mind in favour of present problems and disturbances.

He carefully uncrossed his legs and leaned towards me with a confidential air.

" I talk to few people. Consequently, I think more than most. A reticent man's thoughts and memories, as you are doubtless aware, can give rise to many complexes and emotional disturbances. One cannot relieve one's self mentally, as one is able to do physically. The mind, I imagine, can suffer from the processes of auto-intoxication no less than the body. You have shown me some small kindness, Sir. In a few moments I shall be leaving you. I shall walk over the road and you will never see me again. The underworld is like a vast system of sewers, with one notable exception : the dwellers below can occasionally push up the covers and emerge into daylight, but it is singularly difficult for those of the upper world to penetrate below. . . . No, you will never see me again."

" The interview was at an end. We stood stiffly to attention till Gruber had resumed his seat."

With a gesture of decayed grandiloquence he offered me a cigarette from the pack I had given to him. " Before we part, I would like to reward your kindness by telling you of the curious incident I referred to a few minutes ago. I was not exaggerating. My ability to foresee the obvious certainly saved my life. It is a story that may appear more significant to you as the years go by. If you would care to listen . . . ? "

I was in no hurry. I leaned back in my chair and waited.

" One morning several years ago, when Gruber was at the height of his power and it seemed inconceivable that he should ever topple, an official of the State Security Police came to see me. At that time, you understand, I was no more than a corporal in the Army, though I was marked for early promotion. You will have observed, Sir, that I am not an uneducated man. I was summoned under escort to the capital.

Illustrations by Frank Lea

"I need hardly tell you that in any totalitarian country such a summons is somewhat disturbing. As I sat in the first-class compartment, the blinds drawn and my escort sitting silently beside me, I searched my memory for any incident which might have cast doubt on my loyalty to the country or the Party. I could think of nothing, but my anxiety remained unrelieved. An incautious word, a jest among friends, a careless phrase in a letter has been the prelude to death in many hundreds of cases.

"We travelled all night and during the forenoon of the following day. I attempted to learn from my escort why a mere corporal, a nobody, should be treated as a man apart, but they too had their orders and remained silent.

"When we reached the capital, I was taken to the Zablon Hotel—no doubt you will remember it, Sir, that monstrously vulgar building commandeered by the Party for the accommodation and entertainment of diplomatic guests and distinguished neutral visitors. There I was given an excellent lunch. As I was enjoying the cigar which followed it, I was approached by one of the leading members of the Party, a man who until that moment had been but a name to me. He instructed me to follow him, and took me to a private apartment. There he subjected me to a close scrutiny, asked many questions about my personal affairs and my career in the Army, and carefully examined my papers.

"He then informed me, to my astonishment, that Gruber wished to see me, and that for some days or weeks I might find myself in close association with him.

I was to bathe, shave and change into a suit of civilian clothes which was laid out for me.

" I expressed my astonishment, and asked what were the reasons for this extraordinary summons, but was told that I should learn that in due course. For the moment it was enough that I was to be permitted to do myself, my country and my country's leader a great honour.

" An hour later I was on my way to the Gruberhof. Perhaps you are acquainted with the topography of the building ? I was taken first to the Outer Chamber, then into the Hall of Heroes. As you will recollect, Gruber's private chambers were situated on the north side of the hall. You may not know, however, that a series of ante-rooms join the two main apartments. In Gruber's heyday one was taken first into this room and then that, each a step nearer the Presence, and so arrived in a condition of mind suitably impressed and chastened. It was in one of these rooms that I eventually found myself.

" And it was there that I received my third shock of surprise. On entering the room, I had the impression that I had strayed into one of those halls of mirrors one frequently encounters in amusement parks. I faced myself, and myself was to the right and left of me. It was some moments before I realised that I had three companions in that small chamber, and that each of them might have been my twin brother. We were, you understand, identically dressed. Yes, there were four of us in the same image, and as we looked at each other, I remembered that beyond that closed door was a fifth. . . . For it was now obvious to me that we had been called to the Gruberhof not because of our achievements or misdeeds, but because each of us was the mirror-image of our master.

" I remembered the warnings I had received at the Zablon Hotel, and was careful to ask no questions of my companions. Walls may never have had ears, but few in those days were without hidden microphones. We sat, each in a gilt chair, each gazing in cautious fashion at the other three, each carefully silent.

" In this fashion half-an-hour passed. Then the door was opened by one of Gruber's personal body-guard, who vanished as soon as we were in the room. Gruber was seated behind the great polished desk. He rose as we entered, came towards us, looked at each of us long and carefully. Then he shook hands and told us to be seated.

" We obeyed the command. He did not return to his seat behind the desk, but leaned against it, speaking to us quickly and curtly, in a voice that seemed curiously harsh and peevish without the microphone's flattery. No doubt he had rehearsed his speech. No word was wasted, no moment lost. He told us that in the improbable but nevertheless possible contingency that our armies were beaten in the field, it (*Continued on page* 66)

" All that night I limped along the track, away from the capital. I slept next day, and walked all night again."

There she sat—young, healthy and wise in her generation, easy enough on the eye, and surrounded by Paris

International Wallflowers

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THERE she sat—young, healthy and wise in her generation, easy enough on the eye, and surrounded by Paris. And she wasn't happy. Able to live her own independent life on a good salary plus trimmings, well looked after by reliable employers—and still she wasn't happy.

In fact, she wanted to go home to London, S.W.14.

I looked across at her, and across five-and-twenty years and more—back to the day when I, too, sat at a Paris café at approximately her age. Maybe a faraway look betrayed me. I was thinking of how French people, when particularly enjoying themselves, suddenly say "*Que la vie est belle!*" and of how often, at her age, had I felt that way. Yes, I suppose my remembering of things past must have shown in the eyes.

"I know what you're thinking," she broke in upon it. "But it's different with a man. Paris, I mean. Oh—all this earning one's living among foreigners!"

"And I'll bet when you left England they said: 'Think what a lovely time you'll have! The people you'll meet, the places you'll see, and the food, and the wonderful clothes, and the parties!'"

Correct. Yet do I hear someone interject thus early on: "But what is all this about? These women are sent abroad to work, not to gad about. What does it matter *what* they do in their spare time provided they behave properly in public?" Agreed. It doesn't matter. Not that there aren't people who hold that what happens to women who work is always of interest. Still the fact remains: all I'm doing is to pursue an idle by-path in the labyrinth of cold war.

Listening further to S.W.14 (she lives in initials herself—O.E.E.C., U.N.E.S.C.O., F.A.O., I.L.O., I.C.A.O., and then some—so why not initial her too?) . . . listening further, it seemed that here was an as yet unnoticed category among the many hundred women civil servants who have left home and country to staff the diversity of peace-nurturing organizations that have taken root in Paris, Geneva, Brussels, Lake Success, and other places. Hundreds? Why, U.N.E.S.C.O. alone has a staff of eight hundred. Women of fifteen European nationalities clock in, and that's not the half of them.

No indeed. There's Miss America, who haunts this tale by her bespeaking of men as if by right. And Miss South America, too. There was a girl at the U.N. concourse in Paris eighteen months ago, who had signed on at Santiago just in order to get to the centre of French acting to study for the stage. She was using the U.N. as a temporary crutch, and not by a long way the only one of her sex who has had the same idea.

Vainly scanning the ballroom for an unattached male of her own nationality

There's Miss America, who haunts this tale by her bespeaking of men as if by right

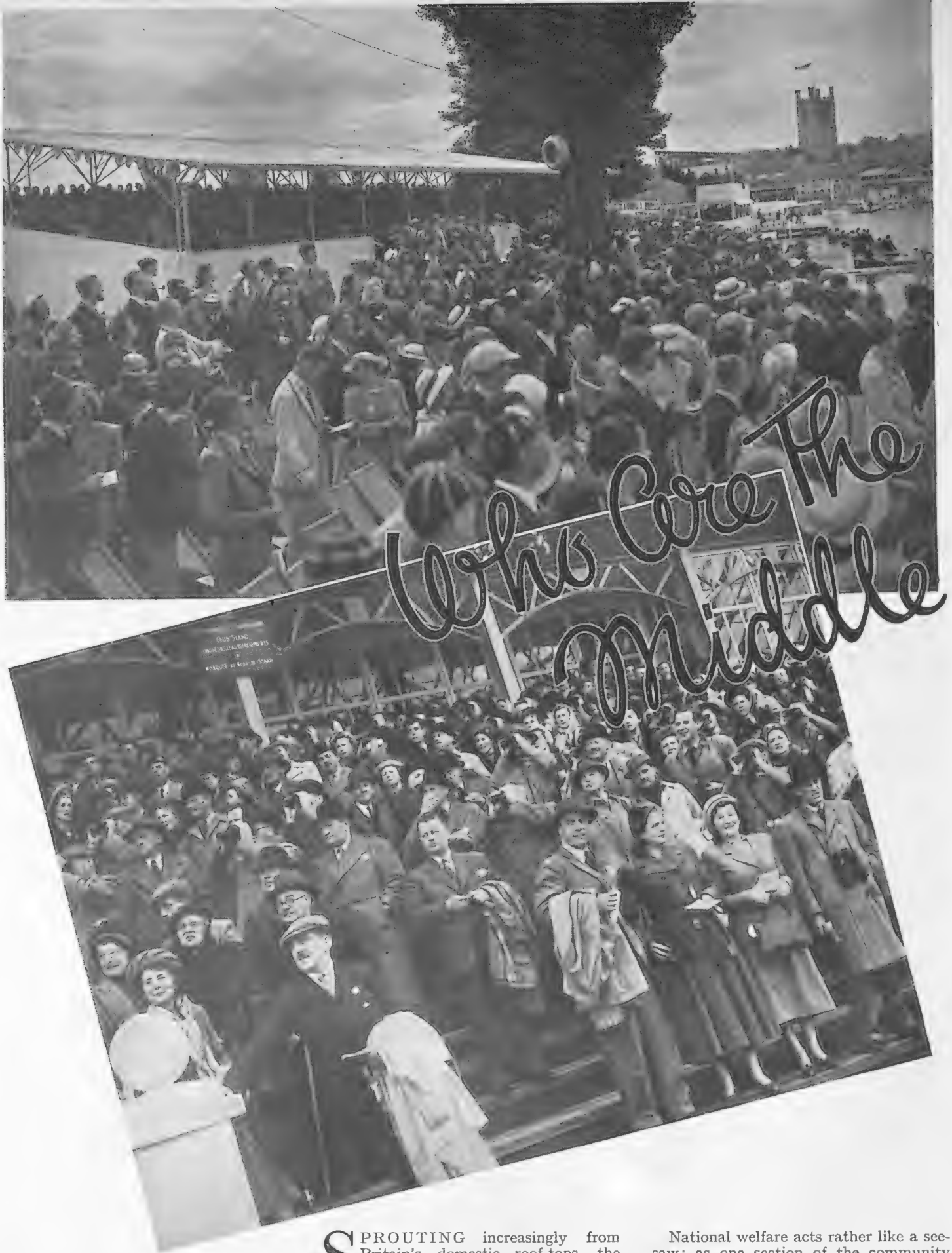
OTHER women staff members use the social circumambience flung up by these organizations at the hub of things for the main purpose of finding husbands. Some girls have got it all taped up a different channel: they will make themselves more interesting by the nature of their jobs and contacts, and thus send up their stock as guests now and later. Other girls, again, think it worth while if they build up memories accumulated during a short preliminary stint as an international civil servant.

The shortest conception is that of the well-favoured college girl, usually of the U.S.A., who uses these organizations to find a prestige husband, or as social stepping-stones. (If college graduates, maybe alter "prestige" to "interesting.") One or two beauty queen types faintly affected my ripe breathing last summer at Geneva, and I asked—had they any brains? "Oh, yes, indeed, of a kind," came answer. "The bother is, they tend to impinge on the brain output of their chiefs."

Well, such as they go to the ball. Every dance. And when they've had enough, they quit. With or without a catch. They can always lead off in after life with "When I had a Marshall Aid job in Paris. . . ."

Then there's the "career girl." Substitute nylon for bluestocking and she fades into the picture. Not too serious-minded, but believing in her contribution, this type is usually prepared to stay on, making her way step by step. Time off, rather, dependence on others for its kick, is a secondary consideration. If asked out, she makes herself "look decent" and goes. She may even "put on her face" in a subdued manner.

But a domestic evening doesn't come amiss by any means. The lady is self-contained. And if and when she thinks of marriage, as likely as not her thoughts wander in the direction of her own or another international secretariat, and a bond of common interest. Day-to-day competition doesn't worry her. But *the real* competition—that can burn her quite up. (*Continued on page* 86)



Who Are The Middle

A section of the large crowd at the spring meeting of the Perth Hunt at Scone Park, Scone, Perthshire

(At top of page)
The crowd watching the racing on final day at Henley

SPROUTING increasingly from Britain's domestic roof-tops, the H-shaped television dipole points to more than the fact that the looking-in habit has come to stay. It announces that television is no respecter of classes. For it is estimated that sixty per cent of the 300,000 or more sets bought since 1945 have gone into the homes of wage-earners. This is but one indication of the changing standards that are to-day turning our old class system inside out.

National welfare acts rather like a see-saw; as one section of the community goes up the scale of living another is liable to go down. This is what has been happening between the "working classes" and the "middle classes." On his end of the plank the working man, thanks to much-needed social reforms, is more comfortably placed than ever before. On the other end the white-collar man, weighted with new burdens, is sitting anything but pretty. Financially harassed,

feeling exploited and insecure, he wonders if he is getting a fair deal. His predicament is being registered as a new social phenomenon —the plight of the middle classes.

Chief villain of the piece, as the middle classes themselves see it, is the drastic redistribution of national income that has been operating against them with growing force for most of this century. This, plus the steeply rising cost of living, has left stratum after stratum of them fighting to retain a traditional standard that yearly becomes more difficult. Up to 1939 the lower-middle groups had been spared this downward trend, had in fact been steadily improving their status; but now they, too, are feeling the pinch and find themselves hardly better off than the more prosperous wage-earning sections just below them in the social hierarchy.

Long dead is the old stultifying dogma that working people should "be content to remain in the state to which it has pleased God to call them"; indeed one of the healthier signs of our times is the regular ascent of working-class folk into white-collar jobs, the continual tranfusion of new blood into the middle classes. Even so, the latter, from whose various layers

TYPES of middle-class houses situated in residential towns north of London

Classes?

The Steeply Rising Cost Of Living Has Left Them Fighting To Retain A Traditional Standard That Yearly Becomes More Difficult

By Guy Livingston

have in the past come most of the country's leaders and men of enterprise and initiative, feel that they are now, in the redistribution process, being asked to shoulder a heavier load than they deserve.

AN issue of prime political importance because of the millions of voters personally interested in it, the middle-class question came to the fore at the Election. But the hustings are not the best place at which to learn the truth about anything, and there is room for a more dispassionate view than is likely to be found on party platforms.

Recognizing the need for a scientific survey into the problem, the Nuffield Foundation has granted £20,000 for a five-year research project to be carried out by the London School of Economics into the sociology of the middle classes. To be specially investigated are "social class differences, movement or hindrance of movement from one class to another through education and marriage, and recent changes in class structure." This will be something of a pioneer document, because hitherto almost all such social surveys have been confined to the working classes.

The L.S.E. team is already on the job and an initial survey by them appears in the newly published *British Journal of Sociology*. Its aim was to find out where in the social scale a typical cross-section of people placed thirty common occupations, there being seven possible grades into which they could fit these occupations.

The cross-section chose almost unanimously, and some of their classifications were : grade one (highest)—doctors, company directors, country solicitors, chartered accountants; grade seven (lowest)—barmen, dock labourers, roadsweepers. Grade two included civil servants and farmers; grade three, elementary schoolteachers and commercial travellers; grade four, chefs and insurance agents; and grade six, agricultural labourers and railway porters.

That, then, is how we see ourselves on the social ladder. But the report shows, too, that we are not rated socially by our occupation alone. A typist ranks according to her skill and the eminence of her employer, a teacher according to his or her sort of school, and so on. Further, while our actual occupation is important, what really fix us socially are the people we mix with and our accepted codes of behaviour. (*Continued on page* 80)

Ghost Train To The Orient

By Harry J. Greenwall

The Orient Express starting off on one of its pre-war journeys across Europe

FOR more than fifty years people called it the Orient Express; even if you have never travelled in this once-upon-a-time most glamorous train in the world you have no doubt glimpsed her as you landed at Calais. There were the conductors in chocolate colour uniforms standing by long carriages with fascinating labels below the windows: Wien; Zagreb; Belgrad; Budapest; Istanbul (before Mustapha Kemal they called it Constantinople).

On each table of the dining-cars were brass electric table lamps with red shades. Everything was genuine Wagons Lits antique: large brass cuspidors; green upholstery in your sleeper; each green cushion with an anti-macassar with the initials W. L.

What novels, plays, films and stories have been written round this glamorous train; stories of beautiful women spies smoking through long cigarette holders while speaking with a foreign accent; cunning jewel thieves and many fugitive third men, all on the wheels of the Orient Express.

NOW it is a ghost train that runs according to schedule; a train that crosses the Continent thrice weekly, but a train without passengers. Yet this Ghost Train does what few humans can do; it passes with regularity behind the Iron Curtain, even though there are not even any "fellow travellers" being taken for a ride.

The Orient Express is a hang-over from pre-war days; it is one of the few things which have remained untouched. From the point of view of comfort, transport, speed, dining-car and sleeping-cars and general equipment, it is the same. There were always frontier complications, even in the best of times, but now there are never more than a few and often none but the train crew to face customs and passport officials. The Orient Express has three alternative routes; one is from Paris (with a slip coach from Calais) to Strasbourg, Stuttgart, Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest, Istanbul. Another route skips the Rumanian capital and takes you through Sofia instead. The third route is from Ostend to Brussels, Cologne and thence through Austria —touching Linz, so close to Hitler's birthplace.

The food and the wines are still impeccable, pity there is nobody but ghosts to eat and drink. The same old procedure is followed; the "decoy" bottles on the tables, but as each frontier is passed, the wines of the country through which one is travelling appear on the tables and the menus change in language and content. "What is this?" I heard an Englishman ask his *vis-à-vis*, also an Englishman. The questioner pointed to an item with a finger.

"Oh," said the second man, "that's—er—a sort of fish, don't you know; we don't have it in England."

It turned out to be spinach.

To a gipsy like myself, travelling on the Orient Express was the last word in luxury; I revelled in every minute of it. I got to know the landmarks. The train made a long stop in Milan; ample time to take a taxi to the Piazza del Duomo, drink a vermouth and look at the cathedral which every good (*Continued on page 78*)

A couple of passengers embarking on the Orient Express at Strasbourg

(On left) The famous train about to get the "right away" at Strasbourg. Note the white antimacassars on the head cushions

The Disintegration Of Martin Paul

And What Caused The Collapse Of His Cardboard World

By Keith Young

THEY sprawled contentedly on the carpet playing a game called M'bao

IT was the second Thursday of the month, and behind the worn green curtains at the top of the stairs the committee of the English Club was in conclave. The secretary's voice, flat and toneless, reading the minutes of the last meeting, fell on bored and inattentive ears, and there was a noticeable brightening of the faces round the table at the entrance of a boy in white cap and kanzu bearing a loaded tray of drinks. He moved listlessly, scattering the formal calm of the meeting with the clink of glasses as he set the tray noisily on the table with a final harsh jangle.

Martin Paul, the vice-president, glanced angrily at the servant: "God, these boys are hopeless during Ramadhan."

He sat, stiff and upright in his chair, alone among them enjoying the formality, the strict ritual of the meeting. He liked the immutable procedure, the remarks made always to the Chair, the deference of the "Sir," used by custom to the man they called by his Christian name elsewhere. It stood for discipline, for tradition; it had always been so and always would, changeless as a law of nature. His election as vice-president had caused a warm glow of pleasure to suffuse his bones, but already a gleam of hopeful speculation lit his face when he looked at the Chair. Perhaps next time. . . .

The secretary droned on and, the minutes signed, the evenings business proceeded, held up from time to time by Paul's ponderous irrelevance.

"Last item on the agenda. Election of members." When the ballot box had been placed on a side table, the members, rising one by one, placed their tokens in the slot. After it was over the secretary examined the contents, and announced the results—the barest formality, for in a place so small no one was ever black balled.

When the last name was read out a deep frown of displeasure clouded the vice-president's brow.

The chairman looked round inquiringly. "If that is all, gentlemen, I declare the meeting closed." One or two of the married members left at once, but the rest lingered on, and Martin Paul ordered another round of drinks.

They had shed the formality of the meeting as they sat gossiping with faint malice of the new members.

"I'm sorry that fellow Rigby was elected," said Paul, "I don't like him, his conduct is unlikely to bring us any credit."

"Oh, I don't know," the secretary gathered his papers together. "Anyway, you can't keep him out."

"That is precisely the attitude I abhor, we can and should keep men of his kind out, this is not an hotel, it's a club; and," he paused to give weight to his revelation, "he lives with a black woman."

No one seemed particularly impressed, they all knew anyway, and Paul went on:

"That sort of thing does us a lot of harm, the Germans used to do it before we kicked them out of East Africa, but it's not good enough for our fellows; it's un-English."

The chairman turned away to hide his smile, catching the secretary's eye. They both rose hastily, excusing themselves, and soon Paul found himself alone with his whisky and soda, a situation to which he was not unaccustomed. No one liked him, yet rather than endure his endless

lectures on how to run the club, the members elected him year after year to the committee. For the same reason he seemed to have a finger in every pie. No rebuff had power to deflate his self-esteem, he was sickeningly boastful of his prowess and accomplishments, failing to see that his superiority, so obvious to himself, did not enjoy the same blind acceptance by others. He was the most implacable bore and social climber, treating men junior to himself in the service with off-hand condescension, and people of consequence with smarmy deference.

His only friends now were a few of the older couples who, by length of service alone, had achieved some slight position, whose natural inertia prevented them repelling him, or whose dullness left them otherwise friendless. Some of the wives of senior officials, too, were not unflattered by the deference that he paid them. Yet somehow through sheer persistence he had achieved a position of some substance in the absurd, tight little European community.

He was on a dozen committees, Medical Officer of Health and captain of cricket at the gymkhana. He had come back from the war with the title of major to which he clung with tenacity—even using it on bar chits and notices—and correcting those who called him "Doctor Paul" until his rank was firmly established in everybody's mind. No opportunity was lost to wear his medals which dangled from his linen suit at every official function, worthless souvenirs of his wartime wanderings.

He talked largely of "The family place in Somerset," "my regiment" and "my clubs." He would explain at great length why it was necessary to belong to three London clubs — the M.C.C., the Travellers' and another "where the game pie is the best in England, Old Boy!"

Night and day down to the last trivial detail he played the part of an English Gentleman, never missing a chance to make a remark or perform some action which he thought typically English.

In fact he had no drop of English blood in his veins. He was the son of a minor German consular official who had settled in England and been naturalized. He had changed his name and received an education at a second-rate public school, but his parents, obstinately styling themselves Pfül, continued to speak imperfect English and lived in a villa at Yeovil, "the family place in Somerset!"

It was once a not uncommon phenomenon for aliens, particularly Germans, to conceive an exaggerated admiration for England and its way of life. Paul had carried his own admiration to the extremes of emulation and had, like many converts, overdone it.

Now he had erected a façade for the world to see, he was passionately concerned with its acceptance. His own belief in it was almost complete and he seldom doubted the belief of others. If one slender prop were to be removed the whole edifice would crash to the ground, leaving nothing; for he lived by and for his deception.

He should have known that in a place where confidential files could be had for a trifling bribe, his deception could not for long be secret. But he didn't, his belief in the acceptance of his cardboard world was its main supporting structure.

AFTER the meeting, when the chairman and secretary were dining together with their wives one of them made a capital story out of Paul's remarks. A new "Paul story" went the rounds about once a fortnight.

"Didn't he nearly marry the Minnot girl once?"

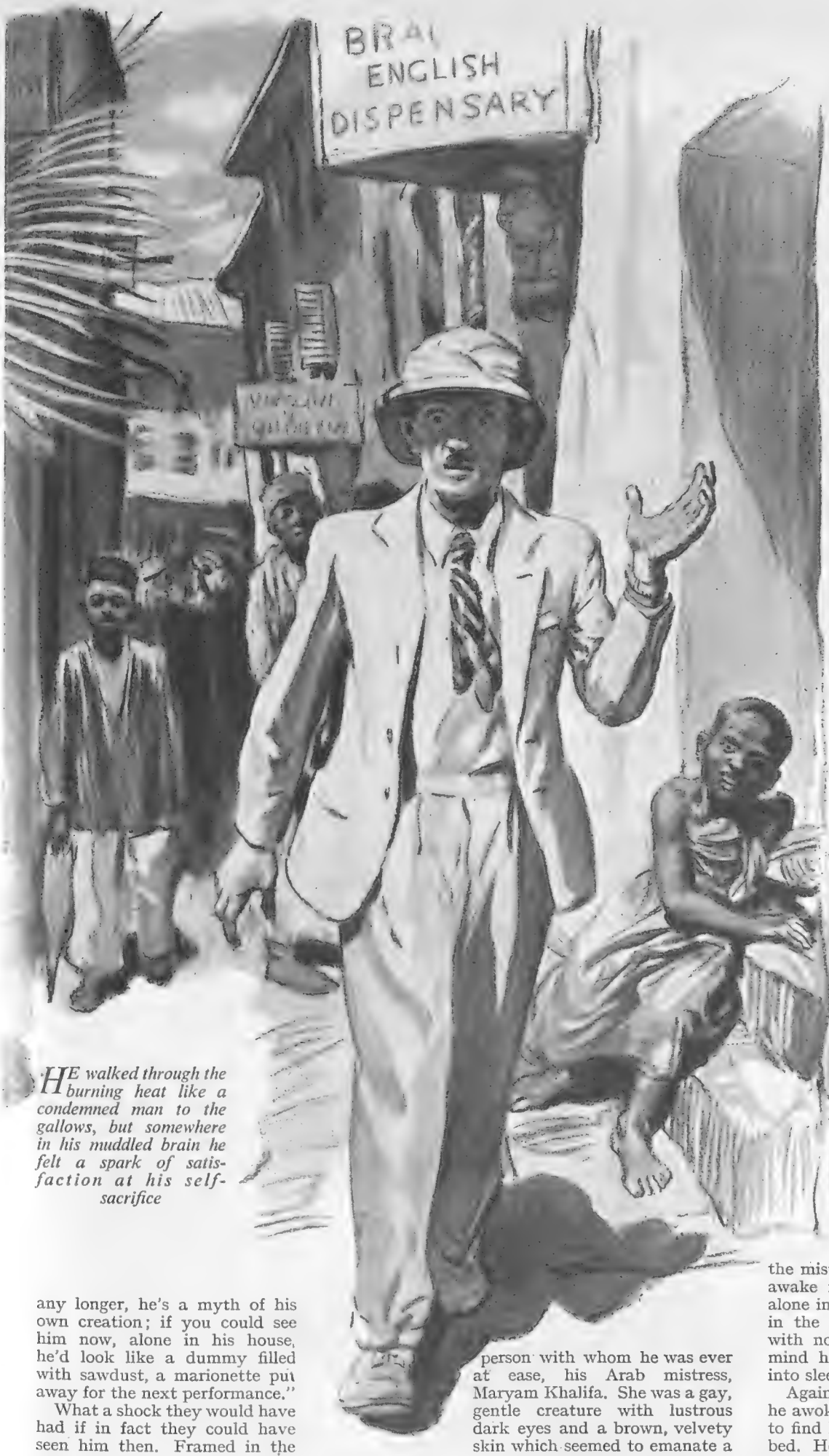
"It looked as though he were going to at one time, for longer than most, but you know how it is. . . ." The secretary shrugged his shoulders and they all smiled; they knew how it was. In late middle age the Minnots saw retirement close upon them, a meagre pension and a daughter still unmarried. An attractive girl, she could have chosen from among many suitors a husband who fulfilled her own requirements and her father's; but her mother's open and aggressive methods with every eligible man who was submitted to her piercing scrutiny, in the end repelled even the most ardent. Paul had done his time, he seemed at first a match for Mrs. Minnot, but at last he, too, had gone his way.

"But not for the same reason as the others," pointed out the president, "and I think I know why. The Minnots are not quite out of what Paul would consider the top drawer, mother's accent even now sometimes slips through her careful guard. Now Paul, I think, has a mental picture of himself smiling from the pages of *The Tatler*, immaculately bowler-hatted at Goodwood, accompanied by some sturdy English rose whose every feature speaks of breeding. Mary Minnot's beauty would seem exotic, she'd wear her tweeds like a chorus-girl in a review."

"Have you noticed the careful grading of his smile? With practise you could tell the income of a man to the nearest pound by watching Paul's face."

"He's so correct he's not a real person

Illustrations by S. Tresilian



HE walked through the burning heat like a condemned man to the gallows, but somewhere in his muddled brain he felt a spark of satisfaction at his self-sacrifice

any longer, he's a myth of his own creation; if you could see him now, alone in his house, he'd look like a dummy filled with sawdust, a marionette put away for the next performance."

What a shock they would have had if in fact they could have seen him then. Framed in the tasteless pretension of his drawing-room, he squatted on the carpet in kanga and sandals talking and laughing with a natural gaiety which would have left them speechless. With him was the only person with whom he was ever at ease, his Arab mistress, Maryam Khalifa. She was a gay, gentle creature with lustrous dark eyes and a brown, velvety skin which seemed to emanate a glowing light of its own; her dark complexion told of a good leavening of African blood.

Perhaps Paul considered her so far below him that there was no need to keep up his careful pretence, or perhaps he had to have just one person with whom he could be unreservedly natural. At any rate in her presence he felt a release from his self-imposed bonds; his spirit soared into realms of bliss the existence of which he had previously not suspected.

He prided himself that the liaison, which had lasted for over a year, remained undiscovered; in any case, he thought, no rumour would be given credence because he was a man of such unimpeachable behaviour. If the inconsistency of his words and actions ever struck him he may have thrown it off with some trite phrase—the exception that proves the rule (a dangerous and much misused sentence); but it is unlikely that he gave it more than a passing thought, he had the comfortable gift of reconciling such inconsistencies without the least discomfort.

Maryam seemed to take a childish pleasure in their evenings together, the hot passion of her embraces convinced him that she was his devoted slave. While the reasonable misconception of his present appearance was being voiced at the president's dinner table, they sprawled contentedly on the carpet playing a game that she had taught him called M'bao. The board lay between them, roughly hollowed out in square and round depressions, and with some mysterious system they moved groups of beans from one to the other. Maryam who had known the game from childhood, played with quick, sure movements, laughing at Paul for his frequent hesitation. When the game was over and they had eaten, still on the floor, a little supper that the girl prepared, they went affectionately hand in hand up the stairs to bed. Paul, on those nights which Maryam spent with him, invariably enjoyed a deep and tranquil sleep. His spiritual release in her company went on beyond the veil of consciousness.

In the cool small hours the mists of slumber parted, leaving him awake for long enough to know himself alone in bed; but often Maryam left him in the morning while he slept, and so with no unusual thing to stimulate his mind he sank again relaxed, contented into sleep.

Again, not knowing how much later, he awoke and sitting up he was surprised to find Maryam asleep beside him in the bed. He saw by the luminous dial of his watch that it was five o'clock. He switched on the light and in an instant Maryam was awake, looking at him with wide staring eyes like a frightened animal.

"Time for you (*continued on page 70*)

[*Reproduced from the painting by Henry Courtney Selous*

Queen Victoria accompanied by the Prince Consort and their children opened the Great Exhibition of 1851 before a distinguished gathering

When Britain Was On Show A Century Ago

Items That Interested Women In The Exhibition In 1851

By Curtiss Hamilton

THE "Festival of Britain" next year will commemorate the centenary of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851 and like that gigantic trade fair will show the world the finest products of Britain's industries, arts and crafts. The Great Exhibition was the first of all exhibitions, contrasting with previous "fairs" in being housed in a building instead of consisting of stalls gathered in an open space. It was financially a great success, attracting six million visitors (more than the total population of London at the time) in five and a half months, taking £505,107 and making a profit of £186,000.

None of the great exhibitions in every capital of the world which have been held in the hundred years since then have managed to make a profit on the same scale. In fact that 1851 exhibition is still making a profit. The surplus was invested and managed by the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851 which has disbursed over £2,000,000 for "promoting the knowledge of Science and Art and their application in Productive Industry." The Commission still has something like half a million in the bank and has endowed many notable buildings and institutions, the latest being the British School for Art in Rome.

The Commission has offices in Kensington, although no brass plate or sign outside indicates that the great exhibition of a century ago still lives. Perhaps the chief interest in the offices now lies in the four massive blue-bound books which made up the "Official Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogues" in 1851. Thousands of closely printed pages with line illustrations—photographic reproduction was still forty years ahead—list the 14,000 exhibits. These ghosts from the past, chosen as the pick of the products of industry in the middle of the nineteenth century, make fascinating reading today as we prepare for next year's catalogues which will list the pick of British products of the mid-twentieth century.

The Prince Consort Lodge in Kennington Park, London, one of the surviving relics of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Lambeth Civic Society are applying for permission to use it during the 1951 Festival as a museum

SOME of the exhibits at the Great Exhibition which attracted little attention were destined to develop into articles that would change civilization. The majority were destined for oblivion. It is a wise exhibition visitor who can pick out the significant items from the point of view of people a hundred years hence.

At the Great Exhibition there was a strange contraption, catalogued under the heading of "Locks and Grates." Its inventor, James Sharp of Southampton, described it as "an apparatus for cooking by gas a dinner for one hundred persons." Lest visitors should doubt the possibilities of cooking by gas, a footnote in the catalogue explains: "Dr. Clayton in 1739 boiled eggs by means of gas; Mr. Murdock in 1792 boiled and fried meat by gas; and in 1824 a gas cooking stove was in use at the Etna Iron Works, near Liverpool."

The stove from Liverpool was also a feature. Mr. King, the chief engineer of Liverpool gas works divided his stove into three compartments of different sizes for roasting and baking and had burners not only (*Continued on page* 85)

Soldiers under Sir Garnet Wolseley crushed Arabi Pasha and his revolutionaries at Tel-el-Kebir

The Legend Of "Saba Gin"

The Mystery Of The Seven Lovely Virgins Of Suakim.

Written by Warren Armstrong.

Illustrated by Jack Matthew.

INTO the roaring romance of travellers' tales there sometimes creeps a sinister note . . . the mention, maybe, of some silent corner of the world that once enjoyed a high degree of earlier civilisation, but which was surrendered for reasons now unknown to the encroaching jungle; or a long-ago mining community which has died and now knows little else but the howling storms of an outraged Nature. Or, perhaps, an empty city, grim monument to some swift and utterly bewildering episode which changed it overnight from a living thing to the lifeless mockery that it is.

An empty city . . . that once echoed to life and laughter and the warming pulsation of humanity, but which, long since, was given over to the reptiles which now make their hide-away homes in its crumbling white stonework, where sightless windows look down on wide, deserted thoroughfares which echo only to the crash of derelict doors as they swing rustily at nights in the passing wind as it goes on its way moaning. Such a city is Suakim. And such a story is the history of this once famous port on the Red Sea. . . .

General Charles George Gordon, who entered the Royal Engineers in 1852, had just celebrated his fiftieth birthday when he received the summons to "hold himself ready to proceed to Khartoum."

A spendthrift Khedive had got himself heavily into debt to foreign bankers, notably British and French; even the sale of his Suez Canal shares had only relieved his financial difficulties for a time. After which he had taxed his unfortunate subjects to the limit of endurance, but the Egyptian Exchequer was in such sad disorder that it seemed probable his creditors would lose their money. In London and Paris pressure was put on Governments; an International Commission was set up in Cairo to ensure that payment of interest on the loans was a first charge on the country's revenue. And when at last the Khedive tried to escape from this unexpected burden, he was deposed and replaced by a more compliant ruler. And the pattern of a grim future shaped itself.

A rebel officer of the Egyptian Army had views distinctly at variance with those held in London and Paris; with a swiftly-increasing army of mutineers,

Arabi Pasha called a halt to "these foreigners who are stealing our national revenue for interest on their miserable loans." A dangerous flashpoint threatened; Alexandria erupted into riots, and Europeans were killed. In far-away Whitehall it was whispered fearfully that if Egypt or the Sudan fell prey to anarchy, the Canal might be blocked, Russia might intervene . . . and, heaven knew, Britain dare not let another nation seize this vital bottleneck of her sea-routes!

So Gladstone was forced to reach a difficult decision; Britain must support the weakened Khedive until Egypt was strong enough to stand alone. A British fleet and an army were sent to restore order; Alexandria's rebel forts were reduced by the Navy, and soldiers under Sir Garnet Wolseley crushed Arabi Pasha and his revolutionaries at Tel-el-Kebir. But the pattern had taken real shape by now, and as a troubled calm settled over this unhappy part of Egypt, to the south, in the Sudan, fresh, unexpected complications arose. The "Mad" Mahdi made his bow to the pundits of Whitehall, and this Mohammedan religious fanatic soon let it be known in London that he had only to crook his little finger—and countless thousands of camel-men of the Hadendowah, those stalwart fighters who were to become known to the Red Coats of the British Army as the "Fuzzy-Wuzzies," would flock to his banner.

FOR overlong the Sudan had been scandalously governed, and had only been kept in subjection by means of the garrisons commanded for the most part by British officers in the service of the Khedive. Now, unable to suppress the rising with his own half-rebellious forces, that unhappy ruler sent for his advisers. And Gladstone's reply to his appeal was speedy: British lives and money would never be wasted to recover the Sudan only for the Khedive to misrule once again. But London added a qualification. . . .

As he mused over it all, General Gordon smiled

On the day of their arrival in Suakim they were inspected by a white-robed emissary, a man high in the confidence of a well-known Eastern potentate

bitterly ; Gladstone was sending him " out there " ostensibly " to report on the possibility of withdrawing the Egyptian garrisons from Berber, Khartoum and Suakim before they are overcome and wiped out by the Mahdi and his tribesmen."

With nearly four hard years' experience behind him as Governor of the Sudan, he was convinced of the sheer hopelessness of the task they were giving him. To a friend he said : " If Gladstone asked me to civilise the Sudanese and then convert them to a proper state of Christianity, I would go willingly. But I hate the thought of handing them over to a lot of stinking dervishes—and that is what my task will be when I can hold out no longer ! "

WHEN he reached Khartoum, Gordon made little attempt to carry out his instructions ; instead, he waited in the failing hope that Britain would sooner or later be compelled to send out an army to relieve him and to overthrow the " Mad " Mahdi. In Whitehall, Gladstone suspected that members of his Cabinet, opposed to his policy of abandoning the stricken Sudan, had contrived Gordon's appointment to force his hand, so, until the last minute he refused to authorise the despatch of the relief force. When at last he consented to do so, it was too late ; under General Wolseley the expedition arrived two days after Gordon and his staff had been murdered. . . .

THRIVING, throbbing with life, Suakim echoed and re-echoed to the sounds of heavy-booted, stiff-collared Red Coats ; the first phase of fighting was ended, and the final stage would not come until some years later when, under Kitchener, they would bring the forces of the Mahdi to bay, then utterly destroy them at the savage Battle of Omdurman.

Meanwhile, at the end of the day's work, it was pleasant to walk that narrow coral causeway linking Suakim by neck to the mainland ; pleasant to laze idly in the last few shafts of daylight in this world of fantasy, and to watch the sun dissolve behind faraway scrub and bush.

The Red Coats had been warned ; neither Suakim nor its women were for them. A danger-spot at the best of times, with death stalking those narrow streets, this stronghold of the merchant princes, whose houses were of outstanding magnificence, had grown rich down the centuries trading in humanity. For into this ancient city, greatest port on this part of the African coast, had come the long camel-trains from the interior, bearing the riches of a king's ransom in gold and ivory and precious stones. And slaves. Slaves in their endless hundreds, in long, long convoys, to be permitted a brief respite in the long shadows of Suakim before they were sold and shipped away.

So the legend of " Saba Gin " had its very beginning when the Red Coats were there, and particularly on that brilliant, cloudless morning when, from the latest convoy to arrive, seven lovely virgins were singled out and segregated from the rest by two lynx-eyed, almost hairless, yellow-skinned females. The seven girls were nude save for animal teeth necklaces which hung from their rounded shoulders, and leathern skirts looped on to beaded belts ; and they were vastly different from

A pretty, voluptuous little girl, who so soon would cease to be her master's favourite, prayed to the Prophet that her master might die before he reached the seven girls

the rest of that common herd of captive humanity, for their skin was ivory-white and it was said that they had been found in the nearby foothills.

On the day of their arrival in Suakim they were inspected by a white-robed emissary, a man high in the confidence of a well-known Eastern potentate. He looked them over appraisingly, admiring a line there, a curve here . . . with his finger-tip touching soft flesh . . . and his teeth bared suddenly as a girl shrunk away from the physical contact as if it had seared her body. Then he spoke, quickly and briefly, and was gone. And the seven virgins were removed to a nearby building, where their eyes were darkened still more with kohl applied inside lids between eye-ball and lash, and their feet steeped in scented henna, the nails dyed red; and their bodies oiled and re-oiled with perfumed unctions. Their brief leathern skirts and their necklaces were discarded for red-and-black silk sheibas which covered them from head to foot, then they were shepherded to the dungeon of a great whitestone building which stood on a small coral promontory immediately outside the port. There they would live awhile, watched over and cared for by the two female gaolers, and neither man nor boy, on pain of death by torture, would be permitted to look upon their beauty. . . .

Shaking with abject fear, the unbelieving rascal begged for his life

For two days the rest of the slave-train was mustered and disposed of; some of the captives went back into the interior once again, some were taken aboard dhows bound for many parts of the Middle East, and beyond, where, for a brief spell, they would become favourites of the harem, waited upon by deposed favourites who, in their turn, had experienced the same process of abduction and sale to their masters. And then, at the end of the second day, when the last slave had gone and the camel-trains were on their way once more, Suakim's 10,000 inhabitants returned to their daily toil and busied themselves with the rice and dates, the salt, ostrich feathers, coffee, grain, skins, musk, gum and ivory, whose imports created so much prosperity for the rich merchants.

Followed a lull around Suakim, and the Red Coats, their faces scorched brown beneath tall white helmets, were withdrawn to concentrate on the battle against these "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" more to the south-west. Kitchener, the "new bloke," had arrived and was going about his task with customary method. And as the Red Coats went away, by camel and by Arab pony, an Eastern potentate was setting out to travel to that closely-guarded dungeon . . . to claim his seven virgins.

At the close of each day's journey a score of attendants waited upon him. And a girl, a pretty, voluptuous little thing, who so soon now would cease to be his favourite, nightly begged her master to eat. But he had no appetite, and would shake his head . . . and then, as his fingers smoothed her round shoulders, the eyes of the girl ceased to be gay and saddened. She prayed to the Prophet that her master might die (*Continued on page* 90)

The Story Of The Cross

By Frances Faure

IT was a woman, the Empress Helena, who set out for the Holy Land in the year 325, with the full authority and blessing of the General Church Council to try and discover the remains of the true Cross, and she at once made excavations on the traditional site of Our Lord's death. First, the Holy Sepulchre was disinterred under a pagan temple to Venus, which had obviously been built over it to obliterate the holy place for ever. And near at hand in a deep pit the "very Cross" was unearthed, which still bore a board inscribed in three languages, Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

Concerning a momentous discovery of this kind there are inevitably sceptics and doubters, but reliable writers, about twenty years after the event, who were in Jerusalem at the time of the discovery, tell of Helena's find in vivid and glowing reports. The happening could not have come at a better and more vital time, for it was at this period that the heretics were doing everything in their power to discredit the Catholics. The very fact that every Christian action was under critical observation points to the authenticity of the find—any attempt at a hoax would have been held up and ridiculed. (*Continued on page* 75)

One Shot Too Many

A Short Story
By
George Boyd

Illustration by W. L. Wynne

SCOTT stood perfectly still. The thing had suddenly pressed into his back just below the left shoulder blade, suddenly, unexpectedly. He hadn't heard a sound. But he knew what it was all right and now he felt the quick, suppressed breathing behind his neck. He stood perfectly still, his hands quiet in his pockets, waiting for what would come next.

A low, vibrant voice said: "Just take it easy, fellow." Said it quietly, almost reassuringly, speaking right into his ear.

Scott stood perfectly still. He had been a fool to come down this way but there was no use thinking about that now. There was nothing he could do about it, nothing at all. He knew who it was standing behind him pressing something into his back.

He felt no alarm, no urge to panic. It was as though, somehow, he had known that this was going to happen to him and that therefore there was no need for him to do anything but wait.

The voice said again: "That's it, just take it easy, fellow, and you won't go wrong." The thing pressed gently but competently into his back again. He knew what it was.

"I want to get out of this town," said the voice, "and you'd better understand that I'm going to get out of it. I want some money and I want a car. You look as if you had money and a car. That's why I picked on you." The low voice stopped but the thing poked suggestively into his back again.

It's funny, thought Scott, it should happen like this. Aloud he said: "Yes, I've got a car. I know where I can get money. I've only a few shillings with me. But I can get more money."

The street was very still and very dark, a gloomy canyon between frowning warehouse walls (*Continued on page 62*)

Scott did as he was told and watched the bundle of notes uncoil slowly. His lassitude had left him. He stared in turn into the face opposite him. Almost imperceptibly he shook his head as if to throw away a bad vision

Part-Time Countrywoman

By Sarah French

I LIVE in the most inconvenient—by modern standards—cottage in England. I get up before six every morning to travel two hours to my job in London. I repeat the journey at night when I return to draw water, trim lamps, chop wood and light fires. I love it.

"My dear," my London friends say, "why don't you take a flat in town?" Electric light, bathroom with running hot water, gas or electric kitchenette, all neatly fitted into the minimum of space, are the inducements they offer me—an immaculate chromium-plated box.

I once thought as they do. It was only the blitz, and the (*Continued on page 76*)

She Was A Menace

How An Unattractive Old Woman Played The Part Of A Modern Scarlet Pimpernel

By Michael Hastings

FENNEL-SMITH stood at the Embassy window, looking—thought Lester—like a brooding crow. His shoulders were hunched, his hands clasped behind his back. "Our friends are just changing the guard," he said bitterly. "They've our boundary measured to an inch; heels on the dotted line."

"Like being in quarantine, isn't it?" said Lester. He pushed a blue-bound code book aside. "Not a soul dares to pass a social word with us, for fear of being pounced on by the Security Police."

Fennel-Smith grunted: "Imparting information to a foreign power. The old story; so stale it's growing mould."

"You can't blame 'em for that," Lester said. "Originality isn't encouraged. Everything works by formula. . . ."

"And we stay here, putting up a show of diplomatic relations which barely exist. Pretty grim. And, Lester . . . I think they're spying on me."

Lester grinned. "You're new to it. I've had eighteen months of it now, and never a moment without the feeling I'm being watched. I expect their dossier on me is more detailed than my own diary. . . ."

"Apart from your work," Fennel-Smith said.

Lester rubbed his chin. "I wouldn't be sure of that. There are cleaners, and odd messengers. Between ourselves, I've doubts of one of the translators and a typist."

The hunch of Fennel-Smith's shoulders became more accentuated. "Guards on the doorstep, guards at the back! It's a wonder they don't smuggle some on the roof!"

"Next door," said Lester quietly. "Spotted 'em this morning. On the flat top of the hotel." He leaned back in his chair and stretched his legs. "Prison without bars—except that the idea isn't to keep us inside; it's to prevent us from having visitors. They're scared stiff we might give sanctuary. . . ."

"I wish we could," said Fennel-Smith. "No doubt it would mean an unpleasant time for us; but I'd willingly put up with that if we had Krasinski here. Why should they be after him, hounding him down? He's not mixed up in politics. He's a pianist, and a great master at that."

"He has friends in New York and London," Lester explained. "That's bad enough; but his real crime is that he's a symbol. He represents a different period, a gracious liberalism, the interchange of ideas, the sharing of culture. . . . So the man-hunt's on, and we're helpless. Technically, it's no concern of ours. . . ."

"I wonder where he's hiding?" The tone made it a question, and Lester smiled. "Didn't you notice this scrap of paper with an address pencilled on it? In spite of our isolation we learn things." His smile faded. "But what can we do about it? Oh, for a modern Scarlet Pimpernel!"

"Better wish for a cloak of invisibility," said Fennel-Smith, stepping closer to the window. "We have a visitor. Guess. . . . No prizes are given in this competition!"

Lester groaned. "Not—not Miss Cynthia Phelps! What have I done that I should be so sorely tried?"

Fennel-Smith laughed. "She's coming here, very definitely. Hallo! She's stopped to talk to the guards. Looks as though she's asking for directions. Now they seem to be jabbering away at each other. . . ."

"Give her her due," said Lester. "She can speak the language perfectly. I expect she's asking if this is the Embassy, and if it will be in order for her to call, and would they like to see her papers."

"You're right there, Lester! She's pulled some papers out of a great, shapeless handbag and she's pushing them against the nose of the guard. He's found that it's useless to talk to her . . . he's trying to shoo her away as if she's a goose. She's going the

"I EXPECT she's asking if this is the Embassy, and if it will be in order for her to call, and would they like to see her papers"

right way to get herself arrested. . . ."

"They'll never arrest her," Lester said wearily. "They know her too well. Man, there's nothing she'd like better. They'd have to release her eventually—if only to save themselves from being driven mad. And then she'd have some wonderful material for a lecture to her tin-pot society."

Fennel-Smith turned. "Just who is she exactly?" he asked.

"Comes of a respectable family. Her father was a canon; the biggest bore in the Church of England. She's been trying to do good work for the past thirty years; but nobody seems to be able to stand her for long. Now she's a big noise in the Samaritan Welfare Organization For The Children Of Europe. I suspect it's cranky; but it has funds to distribute. Our friends retain at least that much of human nature—they can't resist something for nothing!" Lester turned his attention to the opening door. It was the uniformed messenger announcing Miss Phelps. "Show her up," said Lester wearily. When the door was closed, he said to Fennel-Smith: "Ever seen her at close quarters? If not, keep around. She's the original old hag."

Fennel-Smith thought this was prejudice; but he found it difficult not to stare in fascinated horror at the woman who came into the room. She wore a long grey coat as shapeless as a part-deflated balloon. Her face was practically hidden by a floppy hat, overhanging strands of untidy grey hair, an enormous pair of horn-rimmed glasses, and a silk scarf which formed a bilious contrast to the coat.

Her voice was somewhere between the sexes and of foghorn power. Her words and her manner showed that she was completely insensitive to the diplomatic atmosphere of the room.

"Mr. Lester! As I told you last time I called, it's most important that I should be in Paris next week. Now I've all my papers with me and I'm not at all certain that I've everything I shall require. They tell me the airport is absolutely crowded with the Security Police, and if there is anything wrong with my papers it will mean that the plane will go without me. Missing it will upset all my plans. Our organization is holding a special meeting and I've been advised that my attendance is imperative." As she was speaking, she was fumbling in the shapeless bag. A gloved hand emerged and a bulky envelope was thrust at her victim. "Will you please give these your personal attention. I'd like to have you look through them and check that they really are in order. There are so many forms to fill up that I'm certain one has been overlooked. . . ."

"We'll soon see, Miss Phelps," said Lester, soothingly. He looked through the contents of the envelope. His murmur reached Fennel-Smith, who had remained discreetly at the window. "Passport. Visa stamped. Exit permit. Customs declaration. Yes, yes." He gathered them together and put them carefully back into the envelope. He raised his voice slightly in order to give emphasis to his assurance. "Everything is in perfect order, Miss Phelps. There's absolutely nothing else that you require. May I wish you a very good trip?"

Miss Phelps blinked at him owlishly. "You're quite sure that everything is here? There's nothing you've overlooked, Mr. Lester?"

"Nothing. I assure you."

"Thank you very much. That's exceedingly kind of you. It's quite a load off my mind. Tell me, Mr. Lester, do I have to call in here on my way to the airport in order to let you know I'm leaving?"

Fennel-Smith suppressed a snigger. Lester said: "I assure you that it will not be necessary."

"It surprises me," said Miss Phelps. "I insisted on seeing Colonel Kaczan of the Security Police and it was so hard to persuade him to take any interest in my departure that I began to have suspicions. In the end I asked him point-blank if he intended to arrest me at the last minute on some absurd, trumped-up spy charge. He was almost rude to me. In fact, had I been staying longer, I might have come to you with a complaint. But I must put my duty to my society before my personal feelings. I mustn't adopt any course of action which is likely to prevent me from reaching Paris."

"Quite, quite," said Lester soothingly. "I'm sure you'll reach Paris without any sort of hitch. Now, if you'll excuse me, Miss Phelps. I have. . . ."

While talking, he'd skilfully contrived to escort her to the door. Fennel-Smith watched the manoeuvre admiringly. As soon as the door was closed he said: "A lesson in practical diplomacy. Speeding the unwanted visitor. Lester, you earn my respect." Then banter dropped from him and he moved from the window. "Old man, are you certain she's genuine?" Lester's startled and inquiring glance called for explanations.

Fennel-Smith said: "As you were checking the papers she practically thrust into your face, I noticed that she was leaning forward a little. An excellent point of vantage for surveying the table. Perhaps it's my fancy; but I think she was concentrating on the piece of paper you waved at me a little while ago. You know, the one with the address. . . ."

"I can't believe it," said Lester. His frown showed that he was worried. "She's been in here dozens of times." The frown dispersed. "You had me worried for a second or two. But I've remembered. She knows the exalted First Secretary. Always tries to buttonhole him to talk about the old days in Cheltenham. He does his best to emulate a retiring turtle. It's delightful to witness. No, no trouble there; she's just a first-class nuisance, a perfect menace. She's no spy."

AT the airport Captain Radkiewicz of the Security Police paced backwards and forwards impatiently and with the violence of ill-humour. This was the third day of his special assignment and he was loathing every minute of it. Although he would never have been so indiscreet as to put his thoughts into words, he was satisfied that the security arrangements at

"CAPTAIN RADKIEWICZ!" said a familiar voice. It came from behind him. He flinched, and turned reluctantly. Lieutenant Pol gave an exclamation of disgust and said: "The Phelps woman"

Illustrations by Dudley Pout

the airport were more than adequate. He'd supervised the routine himself, months back. Nothing had gone wrong. Nobody had slipped through their hands. And yet the police guard had been doubled. Most irksome of all, he'd been removed from his normal, and more comfortable, duties and detailed to watch the departure of every machine.

Everything could well have been left in the hands of Lieutenant Pol, who was normally in charge.

He glared at the shivering queue of passengers, who had been checked and re-checked. And here was Pol coming to make the unnecessary report that all was in order.

"Everything correct, sir," said Pol. He sounded disappointed. He was thin-faced and as eager as a ferret.

The captain nodded. He was in no mood for speech, As a concession to good-humour, though, he stopped marching up and down.

"Captain Radkiewicz!" said a familiar voice.

It came from behind him. He flinched, and turned reluctantly. Lieutenant Pol gave an exclamation of disgust and said: "The Phelps woman."

"Captain Radkiewicz! It's such a relief to find that you're here. As soon as I saw you I thought: Ah, *now* I am in luck. So I came straight across to you. It's my papers. . . ." Miss Phelps edged nearer. She pushed back one of the untidy strands of hair which was trying to drop over her eyes. She fumbled in her clumsy bag and produced an envelope.

"You're not on the passenger list for the plane which is due to take off shortly," said the captain. It was an effort to be so civil; but he remembered that Miss Phelps was capable of worrying her way into the sacrosanct presence of the Minister for Security. It wouldn't do for her to take a complaint. . . . No doubt the Minister regarded her as a nuisance; but sometimes, for obscure reasons, Ministers acted upon complaints.

"No, no," said Miss Phelps quickly. "I'm not leaving until to-morrow. But it's imperative that I should reach Paris and I'm so worried in case I've overlooked some necessary document. I've been to my Embassy, and I'm assured that all is in order." She gave a rasping laugh. "But even Embassies can make mistakes. So if you'll satisfy yourself . . . See, here's the passport, and the visa stamped correctly. And there's this. . . ."

The captain was painfully aware that Lieutenant Pol was enjoying himself. He wished he could think of some uncomfortable duty he could detail to his subordinate. Unfortunately, (*Continued on page* 82)

Life In The Far-Off Shetlands

1 No shears touch the Shetland sheep and the quality of the wool is attributed to the fact that it is plucked, not clipped

2 Rounding up sheep on Bressay Island for the "rooin"

3 A typical Shetland Islands cottage in which the hand-knitting industry is carried on

4 Spinning wool in a Shetland Islands home

5 The harbour at Lerwick which is the capital of the Shetland Islands. Bressay and the "Norp of Noss" can be seen in the background

Life In The Far-Off Shetlands

By Richard Perry

THERE are three sounds that will always recall the Isles of Shetland for me—the yodelling cries of gulls on the waterfront, at the gutting stations and fish-offal factories, on the cliffs, everywhere in Shetland; the harsh quacking of the rain-geese, those large reptilian divers, speeding with arrowy flight across the evening sky, over moor and loch and lonely township; and the relentless, even-paced *chug-chug-chug* of Diesel engines.

Evening in Shetland so often brought the only calm hours of the day. To one who had been buffeted all day by sea winds storming up the cliffs, or lashed by cold rains driving across the desolate moors, it was a blessed hour of utter relaxation; and it was commemorated by the lulling thropple of those Diesel engines when, seated on some lofty headland, one looked out over the intertwined voes and nesses and low hills characteristic of these North Isles.

Sometimes this measured rhythm, reverberating from wave to wave across the sea's leagues, was the evening tocsin of the motor-boats preceeding the herring drifters, outward bound one after another from Lerwick Harbour to their night's fishing grounds, twenty or thirty miles off the land perhaps. A motley company they were, with the long motor-boats manned by Shetland crews in the van, and after them the more powerful steam-drifters from the Scottish ports—Buckie, Banff and Peterhead, Fraserburgh and Aberdeen—and from those East Anglian herringopolises, Lowestoft and Yarmouth.

But more often this primitive rhythm, which affected the senses like some tribal forest drumming, was hammered out by a lone Norwegian whaler or shark-boat chugging into Lerwick for fuel and provisions. The Shetlanders have closer ties, both historically and culturally, with Norway than with Scotland, and one would certainly feel that an essential feature of the Lerwick waterfront were missing, if a dozen of these antique-looking, though immensely strong, wooden Norwegian whalers were not tied up at a wharf, their superstructure festooned with gory slabs of whale-meat, their rusted harpoon cannon with bits of string as trigger releases. Three or four hundred of these small whalers operate in Shetland waters during the greater part of the year, harpooning the smaller whales and hooking the basking sharks on steel lines. Returning to Norway with their catch after three or four weeks' hunting, they dispose of it for consumption by human beings and silver-foxes, some of the whale-meat being no doubt re-imported to Britain!

A Shetland croft-house from which a postman makes his thrice-weekly rounds

You never know what shipping you are going to find in Lerwick Harbour, for though the Faeroe Isles or Bergen in Norway are no further distant from Shetland than is Aberdeen, there are no sea routes through the Shetland Isles. Lerwick is a haven of refuge in bad weather, a port where bunkers can be refuelled or water or provisions taken on board—a Bear Isle trawler from Grimsby one day, a Finnish barque laden with timber, which has sprung a leak, the next. A Danish mail-boat, on its way to take up coastal duties in Greenland, may call in, before proceeding on its long voyage through the stormiest seas in the world by way of Faroe and Iceland. A Dutch lugger, fishing for herrings, which she barrels-up on board, may tie up at the Lerwick waterfront.

Every lamb is precious in the Shetland Islands. A daughter of a sheep-breeder feeding a pair of motherless lambs from a bottle

SO narrow are the old Lerwick streets that in places sidewalks are dispensed with, the whole surface being paved and used indiscriminately by cars, lorries, cyclists and pedestrians. There is just room for a lorry, loaded with meat or vegetables, to squeeze between the shops on either side, while at frequent intervals a narrow passageway, flanked by the fishermen's homes, branches off the main street, and climbs hundreds of feet in flights of steps up the side of the steep hill on which the capital is built, with a central hand-rail to aid the puffing pedestrian to the more spacious residential quarters on the flat top of the hill. When you have shopped in the main street, you can permit yourself the pleasure of picturing a Saturday night in Lerwick in the old days when upwards of *two thousand* Dutch "busses," as their sixteenth-century herring-boats were called, might be packed so tightly in the harbour (*Continued on page* 90)

Seeds For To-morrow's Trees

By David Gunston

IT is obvious to anyone who travels about the countryside that the vast State afforestation programme for the next half century of five million acres of healthy forest is going to mean a tremendous amount of work for the Forestry Commission and its growing band of workers. Tree-growing is arduous and slow enough work at the best of times, even without a big leeway to make up from wartime fellings, but what is not so often realized is that the planting of new trees is by no means the beginning of things. Every tree ripe for planting has to be reared from seed, and the tree seed supply is second only in importance to the vital flow of seeds for food crops.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow" is a nursery commonplace, but when we take a look at the unwavering lines of new trees that clothe hill and dale from Wight to Westmorland and beyond, few of us think back to the seeds from which they once sprang.

The snag with tree seeds is twofold. They are difficult to obtain from full-grown trees; and once obtained they are not easy to germinate and rear to trees of a plantable size. Before the war nearly all our tree seeds were imported. Douglas fir, Sitka spruce and many other conifer seeds came from North America, Norway spruce, Corsican pine and larch from Europe. But the cessation of supplies taught us how to obtain seeds from our own trees, and although now large quantities of seed are again imported, we do produce many from existing woodlands. Large numbers of beech and ash seeds, larch and Scots pine, are extracted from British trees and sown in the forest nurseries. A certain minimum of foreign seed helps to keep up timber strength, however, and from the Far West of North America come millions of conifer seeds destined to provide us with first-grade timber in anything up to fifty years' time.

BEFORE the war in Europe was over larch and beech seeds were collected for us in Nazi-occupied countries, and before peace returned to the Mediterranean the Forestry Commission sent a representative to Corsica to buy up the best of that season's Corsican pine seed. Before the regular flow of Norway spruce or Christmas tree seeds from Scandinavia, Sitka spruce from California and British Columbia, and fir from all over North America could be started again after 1945, we shared with Belgium and France the American Forestry Associa-

A sieve is used for cleaning the pine cones before drying and the actual process of seed extraction

It is the soft wood conifers whose seeds take some securing, for they are locked away in stubborn cones. Seed extraction racks are used to dry these cones so that they open and allow the seeds to fall free

Students at a Forestry Training School receive instructions in hoeing at a nursery in North Wales. Forest nurseries are subject to invasion by weeds like any other garden, and work with a hoe, though elementary, is taught as undue enthusiasism would kill the seedlings

The cleaned and dried cones are fed into a sieve and the seeds fall through the wires into a basket below

tion's gift of twelve million Douglas fir seeds.

All trees are raised from seed, and the size of the seeds varies enormously. Acorns are the largest, going 120 to the pound, and those of the Sitka spruce among the smallest, at 200,000 to to the pound.

MOST hardwood trees yield up their seeds easily: acorns and beech-mast and ash-keys fall to the ground in myriads for the gathering, and present no difficulty. It is the softwood conifers whose seeds take some securing, for they are locked away in stubborn cones, each of which may conceal a hundred or more viable seeds of immense value not only to the forester, but to the community, who usually never see them or think about them. Even the seeds which grow into the world's largest tree, the sequoia, or Californian redwood, which may live for over 2,000 years, are no larger than the head of a match.

The hardwood seeds are gathered immediately they are ripe and begin to fall, and after careful sorting and grading, are ready for planting.

BUT much work lies ahead before the embryo pines, firs, larches and spruces can be laid in their natal soil. All the cones are gathered by hand from the trees themselves, not picked up from the ground later in the year. The forester slashes open a sample dozen cones to find the white flesh inside which betrays the presence of good seed within. Pine and fir cones can be relieved of their seeds by carefully cutting off the numerous "wings" and removing the seed at the base of each, but this is a laborious process, and with the tight-pointed cones of larch and spruce is impossible. Fortunately if the cones are heated they open out and the seeds readily fall away.

So into kilns they go, and after this heat treatment are put away in wooden racks until they dry out and the little flat brown seeds become loose. Only clean and sound cones are used, and they are shaken out on to a wire sieve. The seeds fall out and down into bags or baskets, but even then not every seed is detached, and a vigorous shaking in a revolving drum with four long sieves at its sides is necessary to obtain the reluctant specimens.

The empty cones are then discarded and burnt, and the seeds themselves whirred round inside a machine that "de-wings" them, or breaks off the long fibrous wings that play no part in germination.

MICE and birds are the great enemies of newly sown seeds, which are usually coated with red lead to protect them. A single mouse has been proved to eat 300 seeds of the smaller kind in a day, and these are mixed with white gritty sand to ensure germination. We used to sow most of our trees broadcast, but observation of the Continental method of placing the seeds in shallow trenches or drills has led us to follow suit, although some of the forest nurseries have had success with trees sown in small beds two or three feet square.

After sowing, the surface of the soil is covered with sand or fine granite chips to prevent a crust forming which might impede the progress of the minute treelets as they emerge into the light. For up to two years they are tended and weeded by hand, and then they take their place in the forest plantations. Timber raising has humble beginnings, but the work of those who handle tree seeds is vital to the modern world.

A "de-winger" at work. After the empty cones have been discarded, the seeds themselves are whirred round inside a machine that "de-wings" them or breaks off the long fibrous wings that play no part in germination

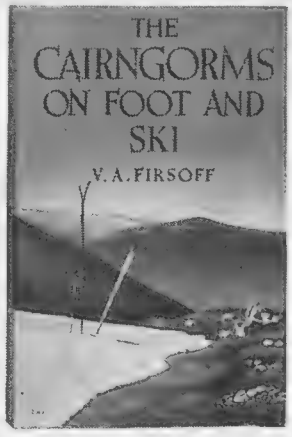
In this nursery the surface of the seed beds has been covered with sand to prevent the soil from forming a crust, and to allow the tiny seedlings to emerge into the light without difficulty. For up to two years they are tended and weeded by hand, and then they take their place in the forest plantations

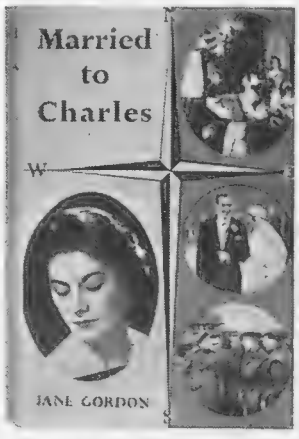
Books:

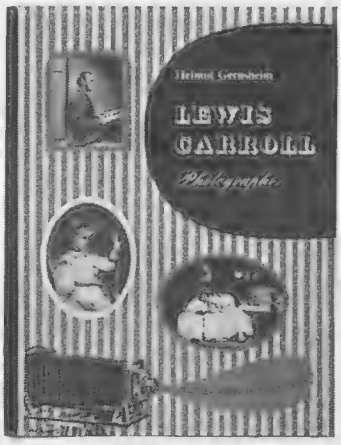
Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

AFTER seventeen years' happy married life, five cables in one day from "Your Charles" (Graves) to tell her that he adores her more than ever. . . . Yes, "Jane Gordon" is a lucky woman. But I'm not sure that she deserves such luck. For one thing, early in their romance she gave him mumps. For another, she has seen him lose quite a lot of money at snakes-and-ladders; and everyone knows that a husband who gambles heavily on snakes-and-ladders (or tiddley-winks) is a serious risk. "Married to Charles" (Heinemann, 15s.) is, however, more than nuptial; it is the autobiography of an attractive V.A.D. who turned to journalism and went everywhere, met everybody, in her own right. Women whose lives have been comparatively humdrum will follow this one with enjoyment and envy; among its high spots is a letter from G. B. S. to Charles explaining why he never has the proper clothes to attend weddings—on purpose—concluding: "I celebrate the passing of your youth and irresponsibility with a melancholy shake-hands. I am sorry for Peggy, but you can assure her that any other man would be an equal disappointment after a week or so." To which the rest of Jane's book happily gives the lie. . . .







VICARS BELL, who wrote the story of a village in *Little Gaddesden*, writes of his twenty-one years as village schoolmaster in "The Dodo" (Faber, 12s. 6d.). It is a harvest of rare country characters, like the old church organ-blower who told him on taking up a new post: "Well, I'll teach you to play the yorgan. We got 'nold gal on it now. We don't want no old gal. No. We want a man on the yorgan. I've blowed one old gal off it. I'll soon blow this old gal off it," and the A.R.P. warden who, ordered to invent an "incident," phoned the First Aid section: "We've got a case for you here at Home Farm. Bomb fell on the stable. Will you send the amb'lance? What's that? Are 'e bad? Well, I dunno bout bad, but 'em 'ad a great lump o' brick on 'is 'ead and 'e don't say a word." The influx of 250 evacuee Cockney children also brought its humours. Some serious educational wisdom of special interest to other teachers illumines this forthright, intimate chronicle.

THE CULT OF SPODE

SPODE ware is not only exquisitely decorative; sometimes it is graphically scenic; its pictures may even "tell a story" and show vivid hunting episodes in many lands. The 185 illustrations to Sydney B. Williams's **"Antique Blue and White Spode"** (Batsford, £2 2s.) are not only of the finished masterpieces but in many cases of the original engravings side by side, and this doubles the delight and interest in a handsomely produced quarto written by a collector for collectors and "all lovers of beautiful things."

What a thrill it must have been for eighteenth- and nineteenth-century collectors when these enchanting patterns were first created at Josiah Spode's Stoke-on-Trent pottery, which still operates on the same site! Mr. Williams traces the development of the art with meticulous learning.

Few admirers of the *Alice* books know that their creator, the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, was also a pioneer amateur photographer. Now Helmut Gernsheim, F.R.P.S., presents sixty-four photogravure plates in "Lewis Carroll, Photographer" (Parrish, 17s. 6d.) with comments on the art from his diaries and an interesting survey of early photographers, including Sarony of Scarborough, who made about £10,000 a year and Disdéri of London, who made—incredibly—£48,000 a year! Carroll's sitters included famous contemporaries like Tennyson and Rossetti and, of course, enchanting children for whom he had such a deep affection. He was no "Smile, please, at the little dickie-bird!" exponent. Most have a grave period charm.

THERE is history in Hampton Court gardens as well as in its panelled galleries. "The Pond Garden or Pond Yard takes us back to Henry VIII and Elizabeth," writes Mollie Sands in **"The Gardens of Hampton Court"** (Evans, 21s.). "The Great Canal and the lime-tree avenues remind us of Charles II and the yews and the hollies of William III. We can imagine Mary and her ladies sitting in Queen Mary's bower. The Maze, too, belongs to the William-and-Mary period." Old prints and colour paintings illustrate this idyllic record of four centuries of gardening development.

HOW different the wild beauty of the Cairngorms, our highest compact mountain area, now to be a Scottish National Park! V. A. Firsoff found them after several years in London. "The old hills," he says, "came like a revelation: they restored me to vastness and solitude, and helped to place things human in proper perspective. . . ." In **"The Cairngorms on Foot and Ski"** (Hale, 15s.) he writes for lovers of holiday beauty, not only sportsmen and climbers. There are excellent photographs and a map.

Christopher Gotch illustrates his "Corsica" (Peter Garnett, 7s. 6d.) with his own sketches, and very good they are. He is a helpful guide to places and people, not forgetting the still surviving vendetta which accounted for 750,000 dead and wounded in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. "Six such shootings have occurred in the Place de Gaulle in Ajaccio within the last ten years," he says—to add a spice of drama to the island's tramontane lure!

PICTURE George III, his queen and others of the royal family lunching on an upper floor of a Putney Heath house in 1774, undisturbed by bonfires lit in the rooms below to test a David Hartley fireproof device: (*Continued on page* 65)

Seen In Passing

Value for money has been our aim this month, and here we give the results of our budget shopping. If you would like to share the benefits of our bargain finds, please write to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1. New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

The first item for the kitchen from Robinson and Cleaver is a wire salad washer. Pop the green-stuff into the basket, snap it to, and the wire handle will slip over the tap to hold the basket under the running water. Then it is the work of a moment to shake the salad dry to even a French chef's standards. Price 3s.

Now that the salad season is well and truly launched, a salad knife is a sound investment. We found one with a rosewood handle for 6s. 6d., or a higher grade model with cream handle at 7s. 6d. which can be trusted to deal efficiently with salad ingredients.

A combined measure and scoop is a good buy at 4s. 11d. All you do is set the slide by the scale indicated, scoop up the ingredient, and level off with a knife. The scoop is so accurate that it will weigh by quarter ounces.

Pure linen roller towelling, 18 ins. wide, at 3s. a yard is a bargain not to be overlooked. The thrifty will probably want to make glass cloths as well from this good-quality cloth.

Spotted muslin is perhaps the most dainty curtaining for summer windows. Scottish muslin with coloured spots was seen in passing at 5s. 8d. a yard for the 36-in. and 11s. 4d. for the 48-in. width.

Fluted glass tumblers at Lawley's are unbelievably cheap at 3½d. each. For mixing drinks there is a handy little "quick mixer." It looks like an innocent plastic beaker with a cover, but it will dispatch all mixing jobs—including beating eggs for meringues—literally in a shake. Price 2s. 6d.

Cereal bowls in lovely old Hampshire pottery from Liberty's bring a touch of colour and luxury to the breakfast-table. Sturdy enough for everyday use, in beautiful light blue and peacock green glazes, they are well worth 8s. 3d. each.

Porous skin food-bags provide the best answer to the problem of food hygiene. These bags keep green vegetables crisp and bread moist, and the fastidious housekeeper will take them shopping to wrap up her purchases of meat, fish, etc. One of their innumerable uses is in the refrigerator, where they will reduce the risk of "freeze burn" and make it possible to pack more on the shelves. In four sizes from 1s. 3d. to 4s.6d.

A letter worth writing is a letter worth treasuring, so that economies in personal stationery cannot be made at the expense of quality. Good notepaper is expensive, but a handsome little machine to emboss the address for 15s. 6d. will save expenses of printing. A Biro quill pen will add eighteenth-century glamour combined with twentieth efficiency to your bureau for only 3s. 8d.

Present Indicative

WHEN criticism is levelled at contemporary mass-production furniture now rolling out of the factories in increasing volume, it is often on the grounds that it has the fault of most widely-reproduced articles—monotony.

It is often said by young people starting homes that furniture, other than that of the tax-free variety, is beyond their means (as, indeed, it must be) and that the house equipped with controlled furniture has little chance of being distinguished from a million others. Utility furniture is everywhere alike.

In point of fact, this is a fallacy. Though there was some truth in it when controlled furniture was in limited supply, a much greater variety is now available since restrictions have been modified.

This increasing variety presents a new aspect upon the problem of limited-income furnishing. There is no longer any need to reproduce the choice of the house next door.

Even apart from this welcome improvement where hard furnishing is concerned, the increasing variety of choice in decorative accessories, fabrics, wallpapers, carpets and so on give developing scope to individual enterprise in furnishing schemes.

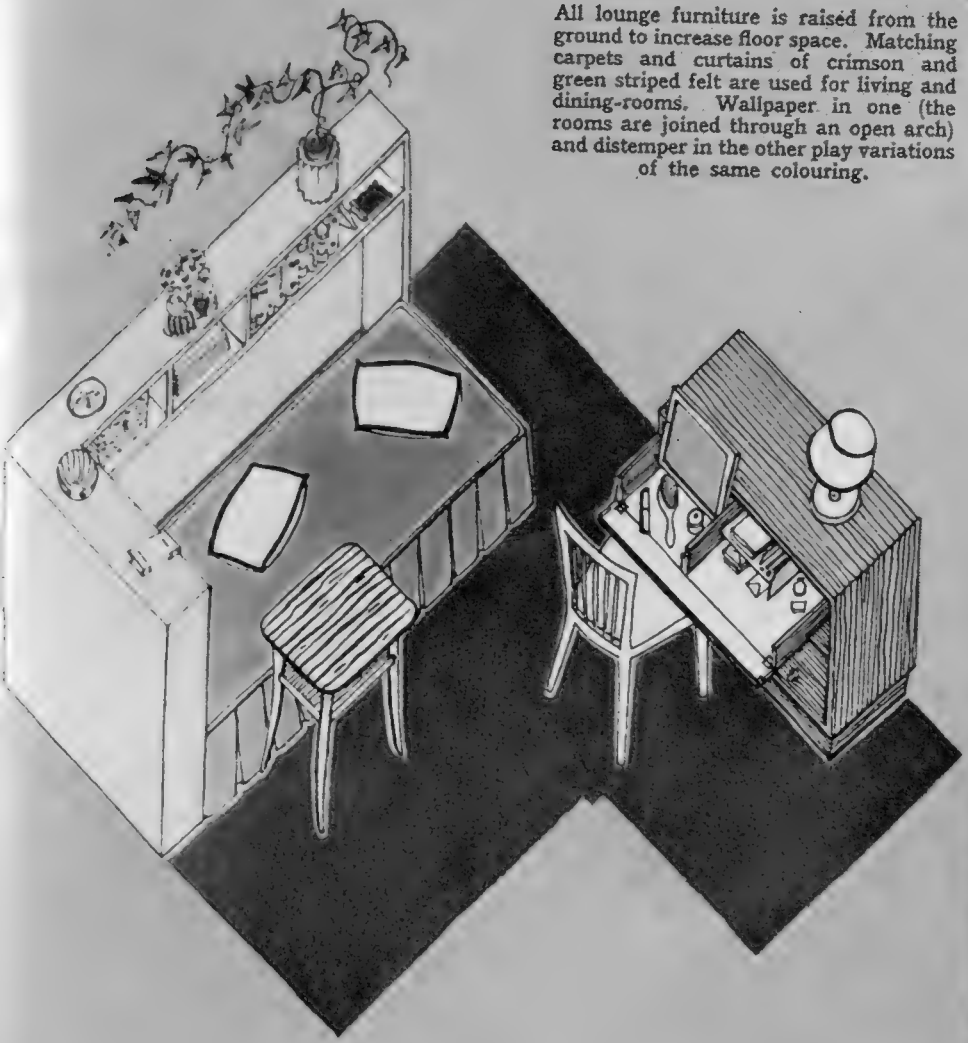
A very good example of what can be done to impart character to limited-income furnishing schemes was demonstrated at the recent Ideal Home Exhibition by the Council of Industrial Design, who furnished and equipped a typical five-roomed house as a practical demonstration of what imagination and good planning will achieve with tax-free furniture.

Particularly noticeable was the effect of spaciousness which colouring and a well-balanced selection of furniture gave to this house. It is so often true of the small-scale house that there is no room for cat-swinging. This is sometimes unavoidable when dealing with inherited furniture, or pieces not bought specifically for the rooms it occupies. But when starting from scratch the visual and physical discomfort of overcrowding can be avoided and these rooms of which we have given some illustrations in detail are a practical proof of it.

THIS is a practical demonstration of the character which planning and good principles of decoration bring to schemes of tax-free furnishing

Furniture for the dining-room is taken from contemporary stock lists. Photographed below are the circular dining-table and simple sideboard against a mushroom pink and geranium ribbon-trellis wallpaper. The diagram shows the built-in china cupboard fitment and the television set.

All lounge furniture is raised from the ground to increase floor space. Matching carpets and curtains of crimson and green striped felt are used for living and dining-rooms. Wallpaper in one (the rooms are joined through an open arch) and distemper in the other play variations of the same colouring.



A small bedroom equipped for a teenager with a combined dressing-table desk and chest of drawers. The fitting around the divan bed was specially constructed. Three walls are white. The fourth wall and the ceiling have a star motif on a blue ground, the paper forming a scalloped effect all round the cornice.

Fashion Can't Push Us Around

There is yet another New Look about the women of this country. It is a Look of Disapproval for the extravagances that Fashion has tried to foist upon us since the war. The latest edict promises to translate this Look into a boycott.

SIGNS have been increasing for some time past that Fashion has gone too far. This Spring has clinched it. The muttering has become a rumble, the rumble has become a revolution. The "Look" situation is out of hand and the 1920 nonsense has proved it. Women are tired of being pushed around.

The publicity barrage which tells us that waists must drop to the knees and skirts must rise to meet them, remains a publicity barrage, no more. The summer of 1950 may find women a little narrower, a little straighter as to silhouette, even—though reluctantly—a little shorter as to hemline, but slave bangles, long cigarette-holders, the eclipsing cloche—no!

How came this liberation from the antic domination of the Fashion Fuehrers? The war started it. There can be no doubt of that. The economic situation and an increasing feminine inclination to live comfortably have completed it.

War took much from women's lives that was gay and feminine and, if you like, frivolous. That was a loss, but as a compensating factor they brought a new and saner sense of values. The slacks and jerseys, the head-scarves and the comfortable flat-heeled shoes of wartime necessity were no fun, but long usage revealed a new viewpoint. For the first time the female community looked and felt at ease, and the feeling was good. The love of pretty feminine geegaws had grown no less, deprivations may even have stimulated it; we yearned for pretty things, but the discovery was made that comfort and common sense need not be sacrificed to Fashion. We saw the light.

THE Fashion Moguls were uneasy—and well they might be. Came the New Look, a fashion broadside aimed to shatter our growing independence. But its success was limited. For all the commotion which it provoked; for all the readiness which war-starved women showed for the return of colour and gaiety to their wardrobes, its success was qualified.

By comparison with the latest Nonsense Edict from Fashion, the New Look had a nostalgic charm. The tiny waists, the flowery hats, the trailing skirts were endearing in their way, especially to the young, who had never worn such things. Pictures in the Press provoked a storm of comment. Much of it unfavourable. Some hardier spirits appeared in ankle-length skirts; a few unwilling waists went into diminishing corsets, some frilled petticoats peeped out from voluminous hemlines. Here and there, the effect was good. More often it was ludicrous. The average Englishwoman weighed it all up, let last year's hemline down an inch or two and went her ways. It was all very entertaining, but not for her.

Outside the fashionable centres you could walk down any crowded street and count the New Looks on the fingers of one hand. As the months passed and the Manufacturers' version of the new fashion reached the shops, it made a wider, though modified appearance. The Manufacturer knows his public. He gave them a little New Look interest and combined it with sense. That is the sign, above all others, which tells us that, almost without knowing it, we have become the Masters of Fashion and not its slaves.

JANE KINGDUM AVIS.

The new Look

1947 The Look which started all looks in the summer of the year.

1948 Looks were getting into their stride when Jean Desses launched the "Tent" era with this.

The now Look

The foolish Look

1949 Or is it 1350 B.C.? Somebody went back to Queen Nefertiti for the incredible Doe-eyed Look.

The old Look

1950 The fun begins again with the Nineteen-Twenty Look from Pierre Balmain (right) and a Nonsense Look from Jacques Fath (above)

The doe-eyed Look

Cottage Re-created

THIS is the story of a cottage twenty-five miles from London, part of which had been condemned and which has now been modernised, solving an acute housing problem for at least one household.

Two cottages, which are seen above, were bought at auction at a low cost on account of their dilapidated condition. One of them, which the owner now occupies, was re-created at a cost of about £350, not including the cost of apparatus such as a cooker, immersion heater and geyser.

A licence was granted because part of the cottage was condemned. It may not be generally understood that, in such a case, the further structural repairs involved are included in the licence.

To use her own words, the owner says that it took courage and careful planning and a good deal of amateur work to complete the renovation within the scope of the available money. "My optimistic spirit quailed," she admits, but determination has produced a charming small home which already has substantially increased its value.

A start was made upon the lean-to kitchen in which a solitary cold tap dripped over a stone sink. The cost of the alteration to the kitchen, where a new dividing wall, a door and window, as well as a food cupboard, were built, was £40. In addition to this, a new sink cost £11. A handyman friend built the cupboard underneath it.

The bathroom, which is on the ground floor, required radical alterations. One new wall was built, drains and bath were renewed and the cement floor covered with cork squares at a cost of £52. Installing a water supply both hot and cold with an airing cupboard came to £35.

In the dining-room alterations were limited to removing the kitchen range, leaving a fire-opening which at present is occupied by an electric fire which is sufficient for a small room

The condemned wall on the side of the house took in the sitting-room and was replaced with a new one with a bay window upstairs and down. This at a cost of £85. The exterior of the house was covered with a pale-pink cement, and with new paint for the woodwork cost £38.

Electric light installation was £80, bringing the total o structural alterations to £341, including the cost of outside decoration for the adjoining cottage, while distemper, paint etc., sent the cost of the whole renovation to just over £35

The dining-room contained an old kitchen range (above) which was replaced with a modern fire-opening which is not at present used for heating. Walls were distempered grey with woodwork to match.

How one person has solved the housing problem by the renovation of an old cottage with a tendency to tumble. Here is a practical estimate of the costs involved in producing this charming, livable home

The house as it was before renovation, with yellow-brown brickwork and a collapsing wall at the near end. The picture on the left shows it with a new face of pink cement and a new end wall with bay windows up and down

The rickety front door came out and was replaced with this oak one which was discovered abandoned in a nearby stable. The old oak was stripped and the local carpenter fitted a small window with a metal grille.

The old kitchen had a skylight and a cold tap dripping over a stone sink. The new one has a window over the blue enamel sink and a cupboard painted to match. Other paintwork is pink and the cement floor has a blue string-and-canvas mat.

The main bedroom was completely transformed by the new end wall and spacious bay window. All the bedrooms are papered in oyster and cream with shiny cream paintwork. Staircase and entrance were distempered and painted in pale lime yellow.

Whats In A Name?

WELL, what *is* in a name? So much that if all the complexes which spring from having the wrong one were put end to end the psychologists would have to go out of business.

Parents have a lot to answer for, from the ones who name a defenceless offspring after Aunt Ignatia Who Went to India, to those who, by naming it after some current celebrity, attach a date label to the poor child so that in later life a little simple arithmetic will disclose her date of birth with shattering clarity.

I have actually had the experience of meeting a Caroline Declose who turned out to be the green-eyed, titian-haired beauty of my earlier fancy, but that was a fluke and hardly begins to compensate for the Juanitas, the Dolores and the Chloes of romantic association who have turned out to be plump and snub-featured little numbers with glasses.

It is not that one is contemptuous of such homely characteristics so much as indignant at the uncalled-for highlighting which so enhances them.

There must surely be a curse upon names. Reflect upon what the slovenly habit of abbreviation can do even to the most dignified of them. Think what happens to the fine old Anglo-Saxon name of Alfred when the unreasonable habit of shortening transforms it into Alf. And again, a woman may well have reason to be proud as Constance, but as Con what is she to do? There is a world of ridicule and some pathos, too, in the old ditty which ran "Her name was Virginia . . . but they called her Gin."

Fashions in names show an amusing aspect of English social history. Delve into the social registers of a hundred years back and you will find the Charlottes and Phoebes marrying the Archibalds and Alfreds. A few years later the family groups of these same young people revealed their offspring as Amelia and Ada, Percival and Frederick. No abbreviations here, you notice. Victoria and Albert could never have been amused by Vick and Bert.

DIGNITY began to loose its grip when the era of flower names dawned to regale us with the poppy, the violet, the pansy and the rose. Came the roaring 'twenties when the theatrical Toasts of the Town gave the Bubbles and the Billies, the Tillies and the Teddies to a host of defenceless little girls.

But at least though the craze for fashionable names continued, they had ceased to have a social classification. Time was, when to be called Eliza, Sarah or Emily was to brand a woman with the cap and apron of the servant class, just as surely as Ermyntrude or Alicia put a girl unmistakably among the carriage folk. To-day, you will find as many Patricias, Susans, Annes and Joans below stairs as there are Sarahs, Lizzies and Emmas at the cocktail party up above.

Mercifully the mania for a string of names has declined. The Royal family have set the seal upon the new trend, for the baby Prince Charles occupies only half a line in the new Debrett. People who collect statistics tell us that since the Prince was named, Charles has been more widely chosen throughout the world for boy babies than any other name, partly because it translates into many languages. It is a fine, resounding, historical English name. Let us hope that it has started a new era of dignity for our boy babies. The girls will just have to get along with the current mania for Amandas, Belindas, Cressidas and Juliets until Prince Charles's sisters come along to put them on the same road.

Small Scale Collecting

THE popular theory that collecting is a rich man's hobby is not a sound one. Collecting, whether furniture or *objets d'art*, is a pastime for rich and not-so-rich with a sporting chance of a "find" as open to the collector of heirlooms as to the enthusiast with taste and a limited purse.

For those who collect for the love of it and with limited resources, perhaps china offers the most promising field of activity. Most china pieces are small, easy to house and have so much variety that the small collector has an almost unlimited field.

Searching for, say, a group of Staffordshire figures, or a particular type of Worcester vase, in fact, for any fancied variety, makes every byway in town or country a potential treasure trove. Even a modest collection of porcelain can, in time, assume real value if the buying is done with foresight and a little knowledge.

It is essential to understand what the term "old china" implies. "Old," in this connection, does not necessarily mean great antiquity. It refers to a period of manufacture from the middle of the eighteenth century (when the factories at Bow and Chelsea were set up) to the completion of the small Rockingham factory at Swinton in 1820. In fact, a period of not more than three centuries covers the description "old English porcelain."

FOR the benefit of the beginner, the distinction between pottery and porcelain is, very briefly, that pottery is completely opaque, while porcelain is translucent. If pieces of pottery and of porcelain are held close to a strong light the difference is easily seen.

Porcelain is the exact term by which the china of popular speech is known. The earliest porcelain (porcelana) was brought to Europe in the Middle Ages from China where it had been celebrated for centuries. The clay, which was the foundation of its peculiar composition, came from the province of Kiang-si in east China, and it was not until 1757 that the same clay was discovered in Cornwall, thereby revolutionizing the fortunes of the industry, making English porcelain independent of foreign supplies of raw material. English pottery, as distinct from porcelain, was made in this country as far back as the thirteenth century.

Porcelain is known as "hard" (the *pâte dure* of the French), and "soft." The surface of the hard, or true, porcelain cannot be scratched and is so cold that the expert can easily distinguish it by the touch. Soft porcelain has a cream-like surface and is detected by its soft, soapy feel. It stains more easily than "hard" and the glaze is not so readily chipped.

THE amateur collector with not overmuch money to spend is best advised to start on the less sophisticated works. The high standard of quality and design of cheap trade ware at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth render these objects suitable for modern decorative uses—a sorry reflection on the products of to-day!

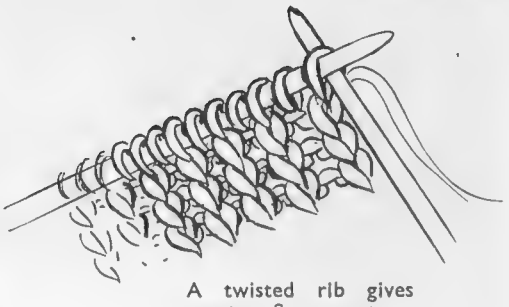
The examples shown here are typical. China groups were originally designed for cottage mantelpieces, and the cat, and the pair of rams and sheep under the trees, are good examples. These can still be found occasionally, and with luck at a moderate cost, and are refreshing in their colourful simplicity.

Look for odd pieces of simple cottage tea ware, like the pair of lustre cups and saucers here. They are of a beautiful soft pink, the lustre effect coming from a composition of gold and platinum. These were mostly made at a factory at Shelton, called New Hall. Odd pieces are inexpensive and most decorative.

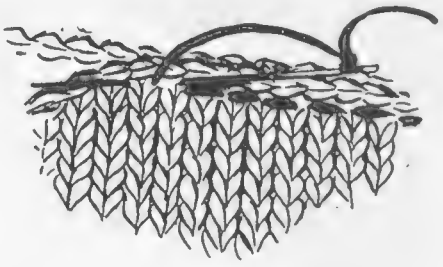
TRANSFER printing was also much used, a process at first applied to earthenware and later to porcelain. A copperplate impression was first taken on paper or other flexible material, and then pressed on to the biscuit. When the paper was removed the design remained, and the piece was afterwards fired and glazed. There are many beautiful examples still to be found. The rustic mug photographed at the top of the page is of a rougher calibre, but has a charm of its own.

It is impossible to enter briefly into great detail on collecting china, but there are many books on the subject. The beginner can learn a lot from these, enough, anyway, to distinguish the marks of the major factories and to know their representative (*Continued on page* 70)

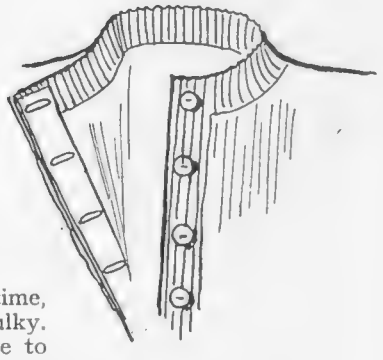
That



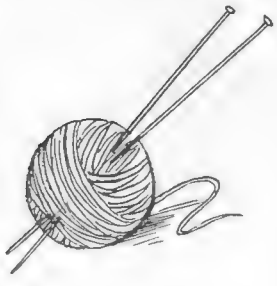
A twisted rib gives greater firmness to a k. 1, p. 1. ribbed welt



Back-stitched seaming gives a tailored finish to the garment



Button and buttonholes should be backed with petersham ribbon for greater neatness



Sheila Richardson, who is herself a professional designer and has judged many knitting competitions, describes how handknits can be given a professional finish

ALL too often a jersey can be branded at first glance as not only hand-made, but home-made; otherwise flawless knitting is betrayed by the way it's put together. Yet the secrets of a professional finish are simple to apply.

Finishing, which is quite apart from construction, consists of pressing, sewing up and, where required, arranging fastenings.

Given the completed pieces of a jersey to be made up, the first step is to press them. Lay an ironing blanket on a flat surface, and cover the blanket with a clean sheet. On this lay the pieces of knitting, wrong side uppermost, and pin them without stretching, so that they lie quite flat.

Pinning knitting, by the way, isn't like pinning woven material. The pins are just stabbed in, about an inch apart, all round the edges, leaning a little outwards from the knitting so that the iron can reach it. When the pinning is completed, lay a wet cloth over the knitting, pins and all, and press lightly and swiftly with a medium-hot iron, lifting it and setting it down every time, and on no account rubbing it over the fabric to stretch it. Don't press the ribbing of cuffs, welt or borders, lest you destroy the elasticity which is its main feature. Let the knitting air until the steam has gone, then withdraw the pins: a schoolboy's powerful magnet saves time.

NOW comes the sewing up. There are various methods for joining seams, each with its own advantages. Coming into favour is the seam sewn with matching thread on the sewing-machine; it's fast, trim and won't stretch. I'm inclined to fear the thread may snap in wear more readily than wool, which "gives"; but the use of strong enough thread is, after all, a matter of common-sense. Some knitters back-stitch the seams, pressing them open. It makes a very firm join, and is occasionally useful in camouflaging a side increase in the wrong place. My own preference is for seams that are overcast stitch to stitch, taking up one thread at a time, because they are less bulky.

If the shoulder seams are to be joined, see that none of the chain-stitch-like loops of the casting-off remain to be seen on the right side of the work. Press open these and any other seams, using a damp cloth and medium-hot iron, as they are completed, not all together at the end.

PROFESSIONAL finish for the button and buttonhole bands themselves? Take a tip from those exquisite export twin sets and back the bands with narrow corded ribbon in the same shade, cutting holes in the ribbon to match those in the knitting and buttonholing the two thicknesses together round each hole. Good, plain circular buttons are best: fancy buttons may look pretty, but they're often a nuisance to coax through the buttonholes.

If a zip fastener is recommended, instead of a button-up band, insert it so that the knitting comes close to the metal, and ease the knitting slightly to prevent the zip from bulging. A new feather-weight zip fastener has just appeared on the market specially suitable for woollies. If, for a shoulder opening, the instructions say merely: "Crochet round shoulder opening, making loops for buttons," give that your own professional interpretation by crocheting an underflap adequate to foil those unsightly gaps between the fasteners!

The photograph shows in detail how a professionally finished woolly should look. Pressing has given the knitted fabric a smooth, even finish. Twisted ribbing makes welt and cuff of greater firmness and elasticity. This is done by knitting into the back of every other stitch on the right side of the work only, as shown in the first diagram. The sleeves, set in with back-stitched seams as detailed in the second diagram, give a tailored look to the shoulders.

Professional Finish

Dressmaking is a valuable accomplishment. Here are some suggestions for giving home dressmaking a finished look

THE standard of inexpensive clothes is so high these days that home dressmaking often proves worth while only for more expensive garments. To be able to run up a distinguished seeming garment at home for little more than the cost of the material does represent a real saving, but, of course, the finish must be professional in its effect if an expensive look is what you aim for.

The difference between a ready-made garment and the home-made article so often lies in these details of finish but there are a number of sewing services that can be called on by the amateur to give the professional touch to her own efforts. It is possible, for instance, to get buttonholes worked, either on dainty blouses and lingerie or on heavier cloths like tweeds. Belts, covered buckles and buttons can also be sent away to be made, details which together add to the finished look of the garment.

In the realms of handsewn lingerie, picot, hemstitching and rolled edging give a good finish to garments which traditionally should be as dainty as a dream. Lace can also be appliquéd to special order.

All these services are at the disposal of the home dressmaker and for very little outlay her work can be given a professional standard. As for the making up itself, like genius, it depends on an infinite capacity to take pains. The professional finishes, some of which are itemized below are not beyond the scope of the average needlewoman who is prepared to add care and patience to her work.

The Points That Tell!

Straight machine seaming in the right tension, finer for delicate fabrics, coarser for sturdier ones.

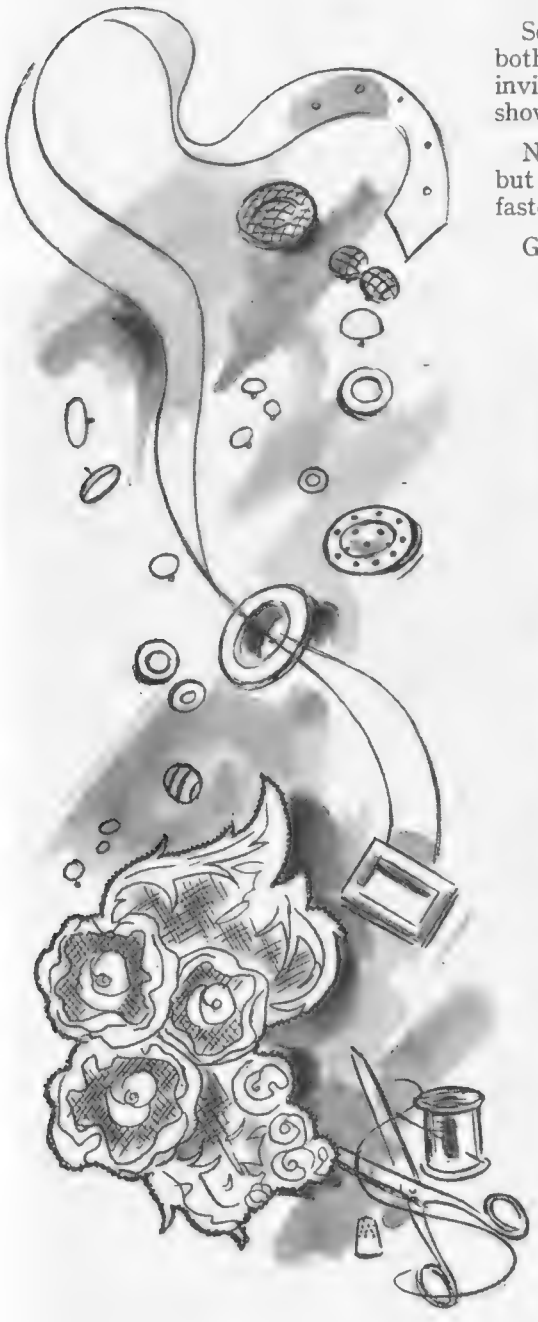
Sewing threads chosen with regard both to colour and gauge, and invisible stitches that really don't show.

Neat plackets which do not gape but conceal the fastening whether of fasteners or zips.

Good pressing of hems and seams with the extra aid of tailor's soap or steam as the fabric demands.

Level hems—not an impossible task if a patent leveller is used and soft materials and those cut on the bias are hung up for a day or two to "drop."

Good fit which is ensured by ample time and thought spent on trying out and adapting the paper pattern before cutting out.



White For Sunshine

With Coloured Diamonds

MATERIALS: Of Copley's "Excelsior," 3-ply, 3 oz. in white (61), 2 oz. in orchid pink (1135) and ½ oz. each in dull green (1274) and blue (230); 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 9 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 32-34-in. bust; length, 19 ins.

TENSION.—Over stocking stitch on No. 9 needles, 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

Note.—When working the diamond stripes, change contrast every 7 rows—7 rows with green, 7 rows with blue, 7 rows with orchid pink, 7 with blue and 7 with green.

THE FRONT

The garment is worked from side to side. Start at one cap sleeve : with No. 9 needles and w. wool. **1st row.**—Cast on 5, k. to end. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—Cast on 5, k. to last st., inc. 1. **4th row.**—P. (11). Rep. these 4 rows twice more (33), then rep. 1st and 2nd rows (38). **15th row.**—Cast on 7, k. to last st., inc. 1 (46). **16th row.**—P. **17th row.**—Cast on 7, k. to end (53). **18th row.**—P. Rep. last 4 rows 3 times more (98) ; then rep. 17th and 18th rows once (105).

Start diamond stripes : **33rd row.**—4 w., (1 c., 7 w.) to last 5, 1 c., 4 w. **34th row.**—3 w., (3 c., 5 w.) to last 6, 3 c., 3 w. **35th row.**—2 w., (5 c., 3 w.) to last 7, 5 c., 2 w. **36th row.**—(*Continued on page* 66)

ABBREVIATIONS.—K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; st.st. = stocking stitch (k. on right side, p. on reverse); inc. = increase or increasing; dec. = decrease or decreasing; rep. = repeat; c = contrast; w. = white; beg. = beginning; ins. = inches; d.c. = double crochet.

With Coloured Stripes

MATERIALS.—5 oz. La Laine Super Fingering, 3-ply (530) in white, 1 oz. each ditto in blue (553) and dahlia (542); 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 13 knitting needles; 8 button moulds; medium-size crochet hook.
MEASUREMENTS.—Length from shoulder, 18½ ins.; width all round at underarm, 34 ins.
TENSION.—7½ sts. to 1 in. over st.st. worked with No. 10 knitting needles.

THE BACK

Using No. 13 needles and white, cast on 116 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, for 3¼ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st.st., inc. at each end of every 6th row 6 times (128 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Now cast on 12 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows (152 sts.). Continue in st.st. inc. at each end of every 8th row 6 times (164 sts.). Now, working in all garter st. still inc. at each end of every 8th row, continue in the following order of colour : * 2 rows blue, 2 rows white, 2 rows dahlia, 2 rows white*. Continue as from * to * until there are 170 sts. on needle. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as for back until there are 164 sts. on needle. Shape neck thus : k. 72 in blue, turn and continue in colours as on back, inc. at the armhole edge on every 8th row, (and dec. at the neck edge on the first 3 rows only) until work measures same as on back. Cast off. Now cast off the centre 20 sts. of neck in white. Rejoin blue wool and work other side to match.

MAKING UP

Press carefully, avoiding the (*Continued on page* 66)

All Set For Summer

(1) White backgrounds are favourites for this summer. Slimuette make a sharkskin dress in white with combinations of colour for a bouquet design. Price is approximately £5 10s. (2) A formal jacquarded cotton by Horrockses is in white with a fine blue pinstripe, a red patent belt, stand-up collar and full skirt. £8 13s. 3d. (3) Mauve jacquarded cotton makes a crisp Horrocks' evening dress. Easy to wash, easy to pack and lovely to wear. The shaped bodice has fly-away bows on the shoulder. £8 13s. 3d. (4) A three-piece for holiday and beach wear. A blue and white diamond patterned cotton. A skirt and bolero cover the neat, topless sun-suit. £6 14s. 9d. For further details about the dresses illustrated and names of retailers in London, please send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Women's Department, Britannia and Eve, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

These Are New

Each day brings news of novelties to aid the home and give a fillip to personal appearances

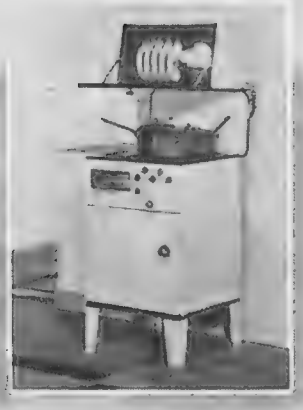
New for the home are the high-domed pressure cooker making vegetable home bottling a safe undertaking; a food mixer which also combines the services of silver and shoe polisher; tiles, hand painted with scenes from Dickens and the illuminated plinth for decorative lighting. In matters sartorial, the Question Mark trimming is America's latest millinery craze and to match the flame colour that flashes through the new season's collections, Flamenco lipstick has made a début. Two dyes have recently appeared, one which will dye nylon plastic, and other "undyeables"; and the other, a leather dye, will turn black into colour and vice versa. Coloured plastic kitchen gloves bring light relief to the household chores

Back in fashion's wardrobe this season, after varying periods of absence are the boater, white piqué, patent leather and the Louis heel inspired from the twenties. This season's boater is short in the brim, deep in the crown and is most chic when trimmed with a drape of white ribbon or tulle. The seasonal touch of white is worked out this year in piqué, with Eton collars, waistcoats and gilets as first favourites.

Returned to the kitchen is the drop-front cooker with a door that when opened makes a useful "rest" for hot dishes. The hot plate cabinet is now again on the market ready to keep dishes and plates warm for a fraction of a penny an hour. Table glass has returned in both quantity and quality of which these two hand engraved glasses will prove heirlooms of the future. Back again from Devon potteries is celadon green pottery, of which the three-piece broth set is made

These Are Back

Interspersed with the new come old favourites making a welcome come-back from years of banishment



Middle-Age Dread

It is lamentably all too common to find women in the middle thirties glancing fearfully across their shoulders at the shadow of middle age. This article is addressed to all women who are needlessly apprehensive about what the advancing years may bring

AN American actress who has recently made a big stir on the London stage, was astonished at the publicity which the Press attached to her age.

"Forty-six year old actress achieves success" . . . "she retains the graceful movements of a quite young woman" . . . "an attractive voice lacking any signs of age." All these things seemed more important than the fact that she had given a first-rate acting performance.

All this, to an American, seemed astounding. In the United States, the Press had never thought of commenting on her age. Sixteen would, perhaps, be unusually young to have achieved success. Sixty might even have hit the headlines; but forty-six, what's so strange about that? asks this poised and beautiful woman in her prime. And, indeed, what is?

It is a strange and unaccountable fact that in the middle thirties the women of this country begin to glance fearfully across their shoulders at the imagined shadow of age. There has recently been some Press correspondence on the subject of women being rejected for jobs on the assumption that they are "too old at thirty-five." It is incredible and frankly absurd, but women are themselves largely to blame for the convention that youth vanishes with the thirties.

What nonsense. Youth is a state of mind. There are young people of seventy as well as old ones at twenty-seven. It is not an exaggeration to say that youthfulness of mind keeps physical decay at bay, but to talk or even to think of declining youth in early middle age is to invite it.

WHAT are the qualities which give a middle-aged woman an advantage over youth? because she undoubtedly has it. It is the assurance of maturity, the dignity and grace of the intellectual and physical composure which it imparts—or should.

If she has been wise and lived her life fully, a woman in her forties has widened her interests and her understanding until she has become a personality. These qualities hold even when the fine flush of physical loveliness has passed its best. In the self-assurance which this other and greater power imparts, a woman of middle age can accept the decline of physical beauty with philosophical indifference. It ceases to be important to her and to others who assess their value on the terms she makes herself.

Nevertheless, there *are* things to do to retain the physical qualities of youth.

A youthful figure can be preserved by intelligent care. Carriage is perhaps the most important factor. Muscular control is everything and a controlled carriage keeps supporting muscles flexible and primed to the fullest extent for their job of support.

The woman who holds herself erect, with shoulders well back, abdominal muscles flexed, chin up, shows erect and pleasing contours well into middle age and further. A sagging chin-line is corrected by an upright posture above the waist, a drooping abdomen is largely attributable to a "flabby" spine.

THE older woman whose complexion and hair colouring show an inevitable loss of vitality, needs to choose colours more discreetly. No need for the drab blacks and browns of age. Clothes need not necessarily be older, but only different and carefully attuned to the changing pigmentation of the skin and hair, the increasing maturity of the figure.

Having given thought to these matters, forget them. By accepting the advance of the years as conferring something more, rather than as a deprivation, the battle is won. You are as old as you feel, and feeling youthful is entirely up to you.

Please yourself . . .

Not long ago, many women indulged in perfume only on special occasions or to please the opposite sex. The modern way is to buy it and use it habitually—to please yourself as well as others. Then it becomes as much a part of your individuality as the turn of your head, the tone of your voice or your taste in clothes

Yardley perfumes are cherished by well-groomed women all over the world. Which is for you? Is it "Bond Street," to surround you with a subtle aura of sophistication? Is it light-hearted, exotic "Orchis"? Or could it be the dewy-fresh "April Violets," of whose gay charm you will never tire? No need to wait for a gift when you can enhance your personality this very day

YARDLEY

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Slip Into These

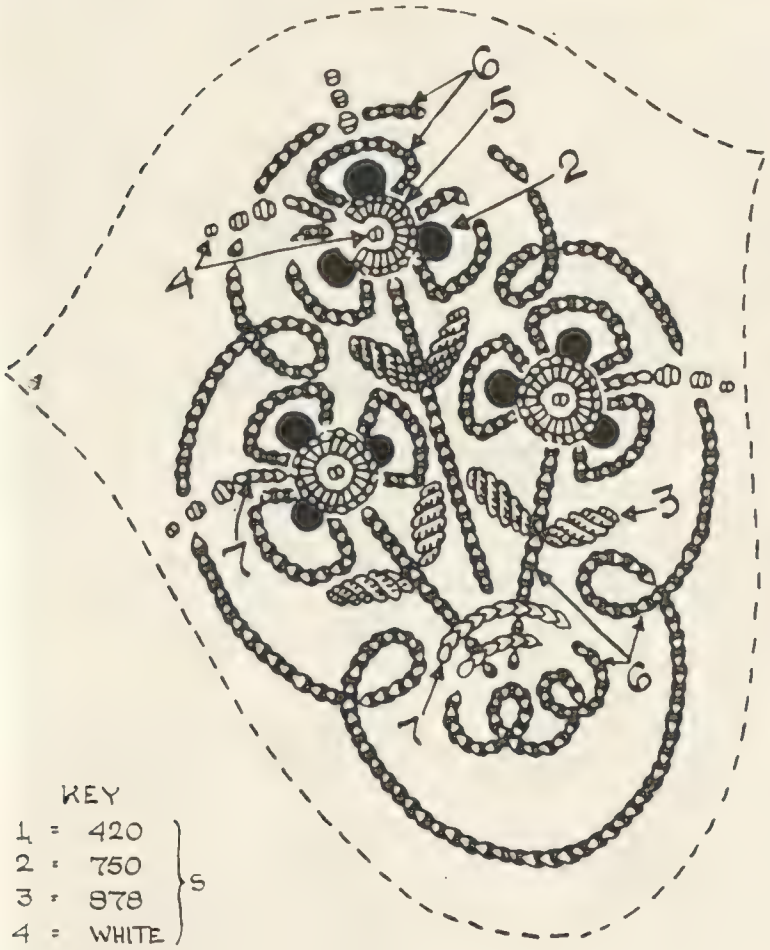
Easy-to-make slippers in pink and grey

MATERIALS required for these slippers are one piece of pink felt 12 in. by 20 in.; one piece of grey felt 3 in. by 14 in.; of Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton, 2 skeins grey (420); 1 skein each of carmine rose (750), turquoise (878) and white. (Use 3 strands for buttonhole-stitch and 2 strands for the rest of the embroidery); a pair of soft leather soles, 2 press studs and a crewel needle No. 7.

Cut out 2 fronts (the same size as the diagram) in pink felt and trace on the motif. Embroider, following the key for colours and stitches. All parts similar to numbered parts are worked in the same colour and stitch. The letters on the key represent the stitches used and are: S. = satin-stitch; B. = buttonhole-stitch; C. = chain-stitch. Press embroidery well on the wrong side.

Cut paper patterns of sections A, B and C to the measurements given and cut out 2 strips of section A on pink felt; 4 of section C on pink felt; and 2 of section B on grey felt. These proportions are suitable for size 3, but the size can be adjusted by making strip A either shorter or longer as required. Embroider grey satin-stitch dots at 1 in. intervals on both strips A.

To make up, place right side of strip A to inside sole, work with overcasting stitches through both edges, then work back into same place as first stitches to form a cross-stitch (see diagram). Join up back seam by cross overcasting. Join grey section B to pink band A, placing centre to back seam, with overcasting in the same manner. Then join front piece to strip A, centering carefully. Slip-stitch ankle straps C, one on each side of the grey felt at the instep and sew on press studs.

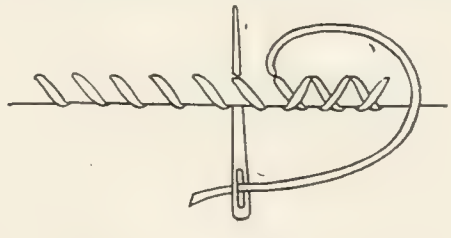


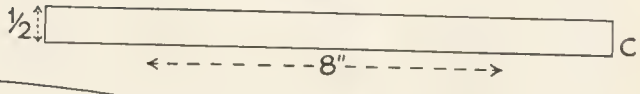
KEY

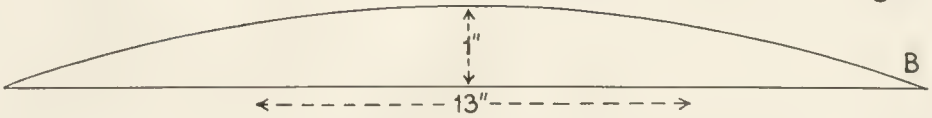
1 = 420
2 = 750
3 = 878
4 = WHITE } S

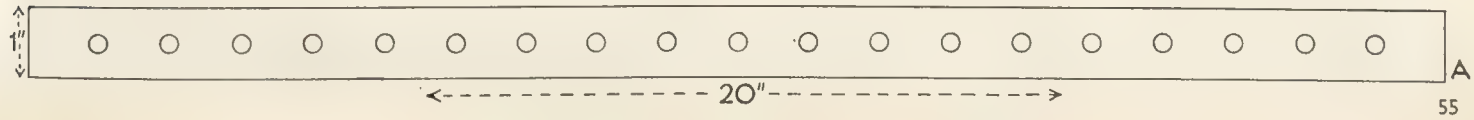
5 = 878 — B

6 = 420
7 = 878 } C









Under Par Complaint

AT this time of the year, just between spring and summer, it is common enough to find oneself feeling poorly and out of sorts. Very probably there is nothing more serious to complain of than slight nasal catarrh left over from winter's colds, a few blemishes to mar the complexion, or overtiredness, which together add up to a below-par feeling.

While a sunny spell will deal effectively with most of these minor disorders, persistent catarrh cannot be left to "run its course." Neglected, it can develop from an unglamorous sniffle to something more serious.

CATARRH is the result of inflammation of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat which can arise from various causes. It is a common legacy of a severe cold and some specialists associate it with digestive upsets. Constipation and catarrh often go together, and the catarrhal condition will not clear until the digestive system is functioning regularly again.

Medical opinion also holds that a badly balanced diet is partly responsible for the prevalence of catarrh amongst children as well as adults. A diet overloaded with starch leads to all kinds of minor disorders besides putting on too much weight. A tendency to catch cold frequently and to tire easily can often be traced to unwise eating habits.

SUFFERERS from catarrh should in particular watch their diet. While not being cranky about it, avoid filling up with starchy foods. Balance the diet with protein. Have cheese instead of a pudding, if the pudding is a stodgy one, and eat fish, if not meat, every day. Fill up with fruit, salads and vegetables, except, of course, potatoes.

Sugar can be an irritant to catarrh so cut down on the intake of sweets, chocolate, sweet puddings and pastries. It will not seem a privation if the reward is an above-par standard of general health.

APART from dietetics, catarrh should be treated with nasal douches. An effective douche can be made from equal parts of bicarbonate of soda, borax and common salt made into a powder. Half a teaspoontul of this mixture in half a pint of warm water should be douched up the nose night and morning.

If the catarrh does not clear with this treatment at the end of three or four weeks, consult your doctor about it. It is not a matter to be neglected and if the root of the trouble is some sinus infection, only a doctor can treat it successfully.

Paper handkerchiefs are a great boon to the sufferer from catarrh. Their easy disposal is not only a great practical convenience, but prompt disposal cuts down the risk of reinfection, when the condition has an infective origin. In the case of children with ultra-sensitive noses, handkerchiefs made from butter muslin answer the same purpose.

Two-in-One Cosmetic

COSMETICS that are easy and quick to apply have great appeal to most women in these busy days. With a new two-in-one cosmetic just launched on the market, time spent on make-up can now be pared down to a minimum.

A quick cleanse with a complexion milk will leave the skin ready for this powder and foundation combined. It looks like a powder, both in the container and in use, and it is applied with a puff, but it does mean that a foundation can be dispensed with, at least in emergencies.

The new preparation will prove ideal everyday wear for the normal to oily fine-textured skin which needs only a light maquillage but it is just as effective applied over a foundation for the drier skins. As it goes on to the skin evenly without smudging or patchiness, it is a boon for applying "blind" in the darkness of the cinema or the taxi. It is made in five complexion shades and the dainty handbag size costs 3s. 6d.

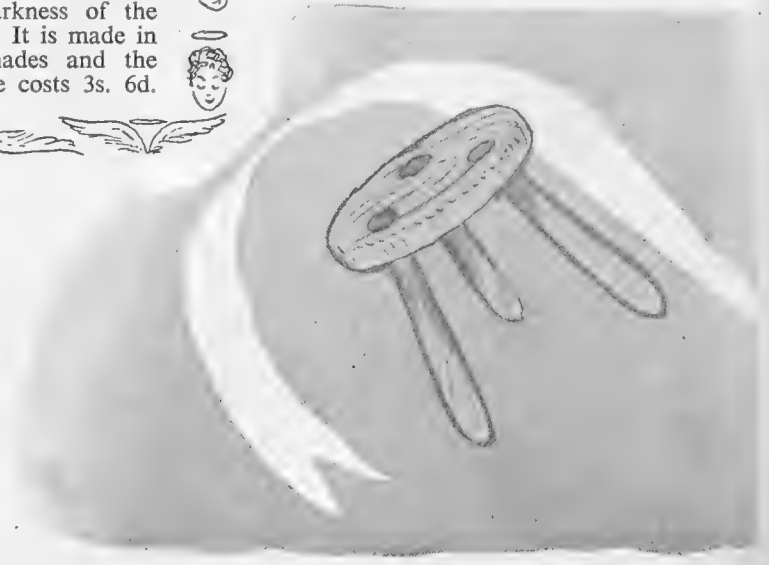
How Do You

IT is not far removed from truth to say that these days any woman can look the way she wants to. Few raven heads will want to turn ash blonde—although even that is possible—but with the range of beauty preparations at the disposal of the modern woman, she has only to learn to use them in order to transform her appearance from nondescript pretty to strikingly attractive.

Say you are mid-fair and aim to look as fragile as a Dresden shepherdess. You choose a light-tinted foundation to give the skin a transparent bloom and a blush-pink rouge and lipstick. The blue of your eyes is intensified with blue eye shadow used delicately. You apply your make-up so that it looks as natural as a wild rose picked from the hedgerow.

You are pale, with dark hair and would like to put some mystery into your looks, like La Dame aux Camélias. Use a creamy foundation and powder and forget rouge for the time being. Choose a blue-red lipstick, brown eyeshadow and black mascara. Brush your hair into the sleekness of a raven's wing. Add emphasis to the camelia colouring by wearing black.

At night time, when your eyes should look brilliant, put a little Vaseline on your eyelids. Use an eyebrow pencil to define the arch of the



Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Want To Look?

brows if they tend to be mousy in colour. Don't overdo it.

You are brown-haired and have brown eyes and would like to emulate the brown-skinned senorita. Why not? Choose a foundation that makes your skin look sunkissed. Wear vivid red lip colour and make your eyes look larger and rounder by pencilling their rims with brown eye pencil. Choose brown eye shadow and black mascara and wear colours that are associated with a warm climate—orange, crimson, emerald and white.

You are fair skinned, with a flutter of freckles that appear however much you try to suppress them? Why not make capital of them and be a nut-brown maid? It is simple, even if your holiday doesn't fall until September. Use a golden tan make-up, a most flattering and lovely tone incidentally. Team it with coral or flame lipstick and rouge. To make a complete job of the sunkissed look you can wear a sun-bleached white streak in your hair in the evening. This you can get out of a bottle. It is applied with a small brush and in the morning it can be brushed out again.

The strategic use of rouge works wonders in correcting or emphasizing the basic shape of the face. Square faces seem longer when rouge is applied to the cheekbones with the straight side of the triangle in line with the nose and the points towards the ears.

A round face fines down when rouge is kept high on the cheekbones in a triangle with the long side uppermost under the eyes and the point slanting down the cheeks.

The beauty of an oval face is enhanced by rouge placed a little lower and away from the nose. Carry it out towards the ears. If the face tends towards thinness, use the lightest touch on the chin.

In every case rouge should be gently faded off at the edges, this is why a cream rouge is most effective.

Harlequin Charlotte

Cheese Triangles.

Dep Without Pepper

PEPPER is so scarce and expensive, we must either use the pepper substitutes, or utilize spices and flavourings which bite and bring out flavour, avoiding dullness in soups, stews and savouries or tendency to sickliness in rich or fatty foods.

In using spices, remember they are mostly strong and use them in great moderation, also use discrimination in choosing suitable ones for different purposes.

Curry Powder is one of the most generally useful. It can be introduced to soups, sauces, stews, egg and fish and meat dishes, savouries, sandwiches and savoury biscuits.

Lemon is excellent for bringing out flavours and is so useful when cooking for children who often dislike spices.

Capers or *Nasturtium Seeds* bottled in vinegar are good for sauces and savoury mixtures.

Root Ginger for stewed meat, stock and some fish, but it must be removed before serving a dish.

Mace and *Horseradish* give a fillip to sauces, stuffing, stock and stews. Mace goes well with spinach; horseradish with beef dishes.

Dried Chillies (which are very hot) are good for meat, pickles, rice, macaroni, savoury sauces.

Ground Cinnamon can be introduced into savouries, other than cheese.

Ground Mustard also brings out the flavour in savoury dishes, if used sparingly.

Chutneys and *Pickles* include many spices, so they are good to include in many meat and savoury dishes.

Chicken in the

WE tend to think of chicken as a delicious but rather costly "one meal dish," but, in fact, there are more ways than one of using a bird so that it becomes as economical a dish as any. There is no part of the bird which cannot be utilized; even the carcase will provide a final and excellent meal in the form of a creamy soup.

I will suppose the family is four in number. I am taking a roasting chicken, though a boiling fowl is a slightly more economical proposition. I shall make a good stuffing, probably flavoured with sausage meat or bacon (as this will make the meat go further) and I shall have either sausage balls or curls of bacon round the dish.

An important point is the original cooking of the bird; not only from the point of view of being far more delicious but also from the economy angle we must be careful not to let it be overcooked or dry. Therefore, start off with plenty of dripping in the tin, even if we pour some back later. In the early stages the bird should be basted thoroughly and frequently. Allow about 15 minutes to the lb. and 15 minutes over, but this will vary a little according to the age of the bird.

A careful carver should get eight portions off a chicken; it should, therefore, be possible to retain drumsticks and thighs for devilling as well as some scraps for a made-up dish.

Chicken's liver, combined with other things makes a very savoury supper dish; either in a rissotto, or on toast with mushrooms or tomatoes or made up in a pastry dish. Chicken pudding will utilize any odd scraps and some of the rich stock; all the bones, even the neck can be included, to make this rich and nourishing stock. It can be made into a creamy soup by combining ½ a pint of milk to a pint of stock. Chopped parsley and a little diced ham is pleasant addition if you like, and it can be accompanied by tasty fried crûtons, fried in bacon dripping.

Thus, returning to where we began, our chicken has served us for four good meals and so has not proved too wildly extravagant.

There are, of course, many alternative ways of using the remains of the bird. We can increase the bulk of the first meal by preparing Chicken Maryland with corn fritters, or use some of the chicken

Milky Way

ONE of the greatest boons recently has been the plentiful supply of milk. It is a joy to be able to make some of the many dishes, sweet and savoury, which depend on milk, instead of measuring the milk in thimblefuls! It also makes such a difference to many puddings and vegetables if they are served with a well-flavoured sauce; broad beans with their complementary parsley sauce; cauliflower with a good white or cheese sauce; varying flavoured sauces to make a change with steamed puddings and so on. Again with fish—the more ordinary white fishes if creamed with a wine, fennel or hollandaise sauce are transformed into a luxury dish. Cream soups form another delicious meal now available. A vegetable or cheese soup made with milk is a nourishing meal in itself and as summer arrives what is more simple or tempting to accompany fruit than junket, plain or flavoured, or milk jelly?

HARLEQUIN CHARLOTTE

Ingredients: ¾ pint thick sweet custard; 1 glass sherry; coffee essence; cochineal; sandwich mixture; ½ oz. gelatine; almond essence; a few almonds; 1 packet jelly; strawberry jam.

Prepare a plain sandwich mixture by creaming 3 oz. margarine with 3 oz. sugar. Beat in 1 egg, mix in 6 oz. flour, 1 oz. semolina (to which heaped teaspoonful baking powder has been added), and 2 tablespoonfuls milk. Divide mixture in three, flavour one with coffee, one with almond, and colour third with a few drops of cochineal. Bake in three shallow tins. When cool cut in squares. Meanwhile grease soufflé dish. Mix up jelly. Cover bottom of dish with a little jelly. When set, arrange squares of cake round sides of mould in alternate colours, join edges with a little jam. Prepare custard; heat sherry, dissolve gelatine in it and mix in. When cool pour into prepared mould. When set, turn out and surround with remainder of jelly, chopped. Pipe top with mock cream, pushed through forcing bag. Decorate with cherries.

CHEESE TRIANGLES

Ingredients: 4 oz. grated cheese; 1 oz. margarine; 2 oz. cornflour; 1 pint milk; 1 tablespoonful flour; seasoning; egg and crumbs.

Make paste with cornflour, flour and a little milk. Boil rest of milk. Pour gradually on to cornflour, stirring till smooth. Return to pan, season and add margarine. Simmer about 30 minutes, mix in cheese. Spread on plate to cool. Cut in triangles; coat with egg and crumbs and fry till golden brown both sides. Decorate with small fancy shapes cut from Gruyère or any firm cream cheese. Serve with mustard and cress and tomato sauce.

GINGER CREAM

Ingredients: 1 pint milk; 2 oz. sugar; 1½ oz. cornflour; 1 lemon; 2 oz. preserved ginger; vanilla.

Make a paste with cornflour and (*Continued on page 92*)

Spring

cold, or for fricasée, chicken creams, curry and a multitude of other good made-up dishes. To conclude here are the recipes for my three suggested dishes:

CHICKEN LIVER AND BACON PIE

Ingredients: ½ lb. good short pastry made with 4 oz. fat to 8 oz. flour; cooked chicken liver (chopped small); 2 or 3 fried rashers of bacon; cup of cooked peas; ¼ lb. cooked mushrooms or tin preserved mushrooms; about a gill parsley sauce made with stock or white sauce flavoured with sherry.

Chicken Liver and Bacon Pie

Line a pie plate with pastry. Cut bacon into small strips and chop mushrooms. Mix these and the liver and peas with the sauce, which should be well seasoned. Spread mixture over pastry. Cover with a thick lid of pastry. Decorate with fancy shapes of pastry; brush over with milk or egg and bake in good oven, (*Continued on page 92*)

Bedtime Story

NO one, it seems, in these psycho-analysed days, can develop a cosy little habit in peace and quiet. It is pounced upon by the pundits, dragged into the cruel light of day, to stand exposed as a Dark Revelation from the subconscious.

Take cigarette smoking, for instance. I have always considered it a comparatively innocent method of running up an overdraft, but as it was my overdraft to do what I liked with (the bank manager permitting of course), I saw no harm in my twenty a day. But apparently I am mistaken. According to some psycho or other, I stand guilty and condemned in the eyes of any part of the world well read in its Jung or Freud. I am not quite sure what exactly is revealed, but when I have read another chapter I shall get the mother psychoses and the split ids sorted out.

But once started on this business of psycho-witch-hunting, it becomes the most fascinating habit. It makes life so much simpler, for instance, to discover that the bitter rival doesn't really like captivating other people's husbands, and that she's just driven to it by a feeling of inferiority. As for that woman next door, her habit of going off into a trance just when I begin to relate a detailed and interesting account of junior's progress, is a clear case of schizophrenia.

OF course, this is all casebook stuff really and fascinating though the handbooks on psychology may be, it is much more exciting to do a bit of original research on one's own friends. I've read endless reports on getting up in the morning and why you felt like that (apparently it is not going to bed too late, but a Reluctance to Live) and this and that and some things far too embarrassing to ask my friends anyway, but there didn't seem to be anything about procedures for retiring for the night, a sour grandpapas used to say. So I began to investigate, and my researches are at the disposal of any interested party.

First there is the psyche (one of my sisters actually) to whom (or should it be which?) the approach of night brings a certain grim element into being. The signal for bed is followed by a ritual which includes locking every door, latching every window and then going back to see that they really are. Bolted, barred, latched and shuttered, the house takes on an air of a Fortress Armed against What Ere May Befall. By the time you are halfway up the stairs, your heart (or strictly speaking mine because I am Susceptible to Atmosphere) is beating like a sledgehammer, and masked figures lurk in every shadow.

That, of course, should be most significant, although having known my sister since she was born, more or less, puts me at a disadvantage.

BY complete contrast, there is the casual type who never shuts a door or closes a window and long ago lost all the indoor keys, saying with mirth: "anyone could pick them with a hairpin in no time, anyway." A nervous guest (like me) may tend to lose a little sleep, as doors slam to, windows crash about (a strong wind is bound to blow up about one-thirty, I find). You may hear, too, the creeping sound of nocturnal footsteps down below. Don't be alarmed, it's just a cat . . . or maybe a couple of cats. The family settles comfortably into their beds, burrowing deeper into the blankets and murmur in their sleep: "Just Pussy."

This, too, is surely significant, or is it that I am an unnaturally light sleeper?

THEN the actual approach towards going to bed varies. I've stayed in houses where the occupants sit around like filleted plaice, lacking the splendid driving force necessary to rise up and make the first move. These are the houses where, around eleven o'clock everyone feels too exhausted to think of bed, and then somebody suggests a pot of tea. The party rallies when the tea-tray appears with the Bourbon biscuits that nobody ever expected to see again, and the evening begins afresh. Flagging spirits soar, and when you do go to bed you are so stimulated with tea and good fellowship that you can't get to sleep.

Then, of course, there is the well-ordered home, in which at ten-thirty sharp someone looks (rather pointedly) at the clock. There is no need for words. Books are closed, knitting and needlework put away, the wireless switched off. I suppose a psychologist could even make a case out of that, too.

A crownless summer straw and handbag are decorated with coloured raffia embroidery. Accessory set for a summer outfit (below) includes white piqué gloves with black straw gauntlets, a black straw belt with white piqué strap for fastening and a soft white straw bag by Kenneth Rouse. Aage Thaarup's hat (right) is of lightest, crushable gold straw cloth

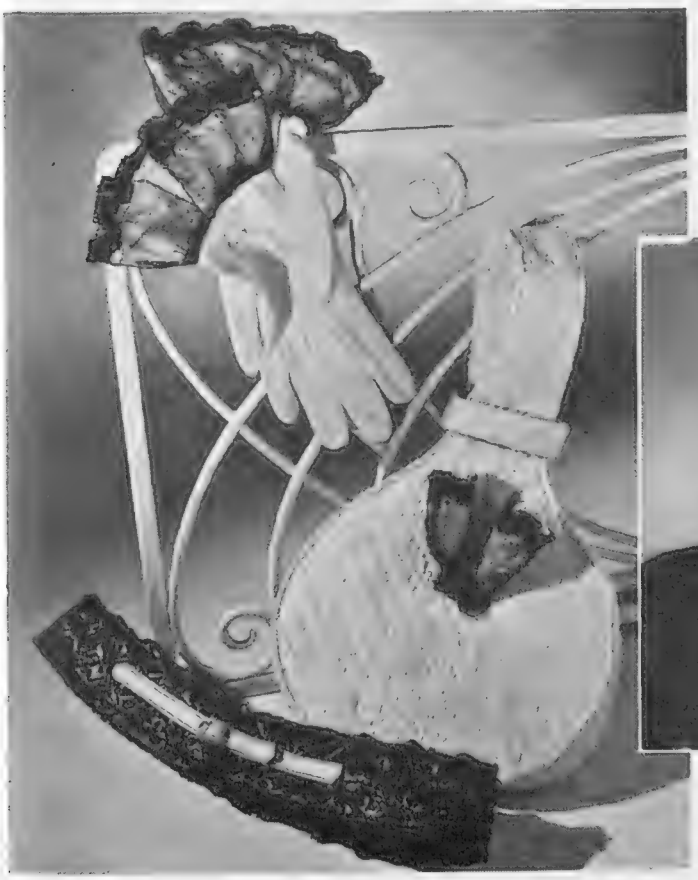
Straw In The Wind . . .

Or, to be more explicit, in the wind of fashion. Paris started it this summer by using straw for everything that ingenuity and many new types of straw could devise.

Straw dresses are for the privileged and fashion-conscious with enough money. Paris dressmakers have used the new straw cloths for summer afternoon and evening dresses of unimaginable delicacy. Some look like lace, others like basketry woven by fairies.

Other French designers use cuffs of cream raffia straw on a black tailleur. Kid belts with buckles of rattan straw. Bracelets, necklets, handbags and shoes all give priority to straw as fashion's current favourite.

In England, the straw craze is growing, though its wider uses are limited by the difficulties of importing the more fanciful varieties of straw fabric from abroad. Nevertheless, this is going to be a straw summer. Aage Thaarup, the Queen's milliner, gave a start to the movement here by using the softest imaginable straw cloths to fashion pretty feather-weight hats, so soft and crushable that they can be packed without injury. The one photographed here is a typical example in gold straw cloth.



Raffia—an old favourite—light, inexpensive and pretty with summer outfits, is widely used for bags and sandals and shady hats like those in the picture above. The bag, belt and glove set, specially designed for us by Kenneth Rouse, would make a white tailored dress perfection. Write to us if you would like to know where to buy the things illustrated on this page.

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One Shot Too Many

(Continued from page 26)

with black windows. The few street lamps did little to help in the gloom. There was no moon. Scott could hardly see the edge of the pavement.

He wondered again what chance had led him here—he of all people—but he did not pursue the thought seriously because no good could come of it now. And in any case the voice was speaking again.

"I've got to take a chance on you, pal, because I've got to get out of this town to-night. The place is stiff with cops. Every goddam cop in the world. And they're all after me. You'd better understand that, pal. All these cops are after me. And you'd better get it into your head at the same time, in case you're thinking up how clever you're going to be, that one smart bit of work will be your last.

"So you see how it is, pal. I'm what they call a killer. And they're all after me now. So one more stiff won't make any difference. Meaning you."

"Yes, I read about you in the evening paper. You shot him twice."

The voice grew harsh; it grated behind his ear. "Yes, I shot him twice. But one was enough. The second was because he was such a goddam fool. It didn't mean anything to him."

His teeth are clenched, thought Scott.

"Where's you car, pal?" The thing prodded him in the back again as though to coax an unwilling answer.

"In the next street," Scott said. "I was walking for it."

"In what next street?" said the voice, fiercely, suspicious. "I've got six shells in this gun, pal. Don't forget that. Six more shells. I could blow a hole in you you could creep through. I'm just reminding you. What next street? How far?"

It's funny, Scott thought, it should happen this way, to me. Aloud he said: "I know you could. Blow holes in me, I mean. I'm not forgetting. Only I'm getting tired standing still like this. I want to move my feet. My car's round that corner down there. And I said I could get you money."

The voice again, harsh, pitiless, desperate, that was it—desperate. "Right, pal. I've got to take a chance on you. Let's go for that car."

There was a quick movement. The thing stopped pressing into his back, an arm was slipped through his and the thing was now nuzzling into his side. "Just take it easy and you'll be all right, quite all right. Only, remember, I'm right beside you and if anything goes wrong it'll be just too bad."

The other hand moved quickly, touching him here and there deftly, expertly. "No gun," said the voice.

"Gun?" said Scott. "No—no gun."

As they got into the car Scott sensed the killer scrutinize him rapidly, sensed rather than saw, for Scott himself never turned his head as he climbed behind the steering wheel and sat there with his hands limp on the rim. It was still too dark even here to see anything clearly but at the top of the street there were the lights of a main thoroughfare and the hum of traffic came down to them. There would be a lot of policemen up there.

Scott stared straight ahead at the distant lights and he said, "What now?" He felt listless, almost tired, as if he had just sat down after a long walk.

"That money," said the killer. "Where is it?"

"My flat," said Scott.

"Flat?"

"I live alone."

"Get moving, then. And, just in case—don't forget about this." The thing bored into his side again. "No monkey tricks."

The car nosed delicately up towards the traffic, the headlights blinding the way ahead and lighting up the street with the suddenness of a cinema projector. They gently insinuated themselves into the traffic stream. Scott sat staring ahead, driving automatically, unemotional. He felt the tenseness of the man beside him, the tenseness of the hunted, wary, suspicious, ever-alert . . . keeping well back in the shadows of the car, switching his glances this way and that, poised, ever-poised to act, ever-poised to act instantly and ruthlessly . . . nervous, but nervous with the impulse of self-preservation.

Yes, thought Scott, that's how it would have to be for ever and ever—never off guard, sitting tensed. Aloud he said: "We're coming to my flat now."

"Pull in to the kerb and wait till I get round beside you." The voice was almost a whisper; the thing jabbed Scott in the ribs menacingly. "Keep your hands on that wheel."

Scott drew into the kerb and switched off the ignition. He sat very still, staring down the street.

When the killer opened the door he stepped out quietly. The man stood in close beside him. They looked like any two friends coming home from a party. Together they crossed to the entry.

"Which flat?"

"First floor."

"Keep moving. And don't forget—I'm right behind you all the way."

Scott unlocked his flat door, snapped on the light and moved across the tiny hall to the living-room. He did not even take off his hat, did not turn his head. He heard the killer close the door, the snap as the Yale lock shot to.

"Wait." A peremptory whisper.

He stood waiting, his hand on the door handle.

"Sure there's no one else here?"

"I'm sure."

"Where have you got the money?"

"In here. It's in my desk."

"I'll just look in these other rooms. But don't you move. Put your hands behind your back where I can see them."

Scott did as he was told and stood patiently. He heard doors being opened and shut, the bathroom door, his bedroom door, the kitchen door, opened quickly, shut quietly. He thought: Yes, it would always have to be like that. Quick, furtive opening of doors. Always suspicious. Always looking into rooms, behind doors. Aloud he said: "I told you. There is no one else here. I live alone."

"So you did. But I never believe what anybody tells me until I prove it for myself. Now get that money."

Scott opened the living-room door. He put the light on, saw the familiar things in his room spring into being from the gloom.

He heard the door close softly and the creak of a chair as the killer sat down.

"The money is in that desk. About £20. It's all I have, I'm afraid. I'll get it for you."

"Right you are. You get it. Just the money and nothing else. This gun of mine is still in business."

Scott unlocked the desk and fumbled for the money. He stood for a moment with the notes in his hand. He took a deep breath and turned slowly round.

"Here you are," he said. And as he held out the bundle of notes he saw for the first time the face of the killer. The man sat at the other side of the table, leaning forward, resting his hands on the bare polished surface. One clutched an automatic pistol; it glinted dully in the light, dull-blue and sombre. His eyes were dark and cold, watchful and wary, hard as marbles. There was a blue stubble of whisker on his chin. His eyes never left Scott's face. He patted the top of the table with the muzzle of the revolver.

"Chuck 'em down there," he said. "Now sit down on the other side of the table. And put your hands on top of it."

Scott did as he was told and watched the bundle of notes uncoil slowly. His lassitude had left him. He stared in turn into the face opposite him. Almost imperceptibly he shook his head as if to throw away a bad vision.

Slight as it was the killer noticed the movement. A puzzled look flickered in his hard eyes, flickered and was gone. He made no move to pick up the money, but sat watching Scott in silence. He laughed shortly.

"You're a queer bloke," he said. "Don't talk much, do you?" (Continued on page 65)

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"I haven't had much to say, have I?" said Scott. He continued to stare quietly into the killer's face, quietly and thoughtfully.

"What's your name?"

"Scott," said Scott slowly. After a second he added: "Bob Scott."

"Bob Scott? I knew a Bob Scott once. Years ago. In the war."

"There are lots of Scotts, Bob Scotts, too. It's a common enough name."

"A bit like you he was, come to think of it." The killer spoke musingly; a smile found its way from somewhere and twitched at his lips. "Same height about, same nose, too. But no moustache. He wore a beard, like so many of the boys did. No, I guess not. Gee, that would be funny."

"What would be funny?"

"I was thinking it would be funny if you *were* that Bob Scott—you of all people sitting there—and me sitting here. In the Navy it was, the good old Royal Navy, H.M. Navy. We were buddies. Slung our hammocks together for eighteen months. Starboard Oerlikon us, when the gong went. Good old days those. You never knew. The Archangel convoys—hell, pure hell, they were. You'd never believe what hell they were unless you'd been there. Just pure hell. Put years on us. And then we bought it."

"You bought what?" Scott said.

"We bought it from Jerry, that's what we bought. Heinkels. Millions of them that night. The whole German Air Force had to pick on us. Hell?—it was murder. But they could fight, those swine. We couldn't shoot them down fast enough. Our last night out, too, blast them. And the ammo just went phut. And so they cleaned us up as they liked."

Just talking, thought Scott. "And what happened then?" he said aloud. He thought: In a few more minutes I will grab that gun with my right hand and I will knock him over with my left. It will be an even chance.

"What happened? They just shot us to pieces, that's all. And we went in the drink. That's what happened. It was hell." The killer broke off suddenly. He shivered as though at the memory of that cold. He glanced at Scott curiously. "Got to get moving now, Scott. Thanks for everything. You've been a big help, I must say. You're a cool one all right. I never met anyone took

One Shot Too Many

it as easy as you." Almost idly he ruffled up the notes with his free hand. "Yes, you're a cool one. I never met any could sit as quiet as you. Not outside of jail. What's your business anyway?"

Scott said it so quietly that he then had, it seemed, all the time in the world to do what he had decided to do.

Scott said, "I am a police detective," and his hand snaked unerringly across the table to the gun even as his other hand swung mightily for the blue chin. He had a momentary glimpse of astonishment change to snarling rage as the killer crashed backwards over his chair to finish in a heap against the wall. Scott swept after him and hit him again, hit him terribly as he was scrabbling to rise, so that his head thudded sickeningly against the wall behind him, and hit him once more so that his own knuckles split across and left a smear of blood on the blue chin.

Scott left him where he lay, picked up the overturned chair and sat down heavily.

Scott thought: And it had to be me. Aloud he said: "Buddies, so we were, too. And you saved my life that night the Heinkels got us. I've never forgotten that. I wondered where you'd got to all these years. You saved my life. I could never forget that, never. I could never forget you holding me up in that water and saying: 'Just take it easy, fellow. . . .' the way you always used to say that—your favourite phrase. The way you said it to-night so that I knew it was you behind me just as I had been afraid it was you we were looking for when they showed us your pictures. I recognized you in that picture. We want you badly. But I didn't want it to be me.

"I think I *would* have let you go and let someone else get you. But you shot him—twice . . . twice when once was enough. Do you understand? I couldn't let you go *then*. There was no hope for you when you could shoot him twice when once was enough. No hope for you—ever, no hope."

But though he was speaking aloud he was really speaking to himself all the time. The killer only moaned faintly as he stirred in the untidy heap he made.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 36)

metal sheets between double flooring! That is one of many intriguing facts in Sam Price Myer's **"London South of the River"** in the *Vision of England* series (Elek, 15s.). He writes enviably from forty years' local experience.

DOES prose drama cut into free-verse induce lilting, musical delivery? Presumably so, or T. S. Eliot would not have used it for his Edinburgh Festival success, **"The Cocktail Party"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.), which begins as a comedy about a barrister whose wife leaves him just before a party and becomes a psychoanalytic probe into a complicated marriage relationship.

IT is strange that the novelist, usually the most pacific of people, should be so preoccupied with murder—apart from the thriller-writer, whose specialized job it is. H. E. Bates takes the subject of **"Dear Life"** (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.) from the wave of postwar delinquency: a girl living in a squalid, bombed home who falls in with a brutal young deserter and joins his headlong racket of robbery and murder in a kind of hypnotic trance. It is a short novel written with stark force, successful in its way—which is not his usual.

IN Doris Lessing's **"The Grass is Singing"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) it is a black servant, Moses, who exerts a strange hold on his mistress and eventually murders her. Miss Lessing gives us a forceful study of the wife of a South African "poor white" capitulating to veldt loneliness and failure, going all to bits, then native, and meeting a tragic fate when what is left of the farm is sold up. A first novel of unusual power, both in characterization and background.

Perhaps the murder in Lucille Iremonger's **"Creole"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) wasn't murder in the strict sense, for Alvis merely gripped his nagging wife by the throat in a temper and she "fell down dead, I tell you!" But the little drama helped to save her daughter Rosa's marriage from final break-up. It started badly with Rosa, egged on by her mother, marrying Hugh because she thought she was going to have a baby by a lover; now it survives in a spirit of tolerance. Background: Kingston, Jamaica, where the author was born.

ENOUGH of murders dire or casual. Catherine Gaskin's **"Dust in Sunlight"** (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is the very human story of Ruth Channing who was too busy marrying or falling emotionally for "lame dogs" to trouble seriously about Neil, a staunch old friend. But when he tells this errant young widow: "You really have made a mess of things, Ruth . . . you never paid any attention to me because I wasn't a lame dog needing help over a stile. You were so busy doing the girl-guide act for other people you never stopped long enough to notice how much in love with you I was . . ."—well, it's the pay-off for all but him, as it should be.

I AM often amazed at the knowledge of contemporary detail shown by historical novelists. Alfred Duggan's **"Knight With Armour"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) a romance of the eleventh-century First Crusade seen through the eyes of an English pilgrim, is so erudite that it should please students as well as lovers of a picturesque tale.

(*Continued on page* 66)

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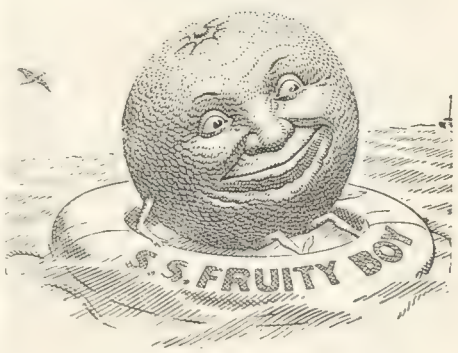

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FRANCESCO PERRI shows a similar grasp of historical background in his monumental story of the time of Christ, **"The Unknown Disciple"** (Bles, 12s. 6d.). No better picture has been given in modern idiom of the Roman overlords and their ladies and the rise, crucifixion and resurrection of the Jewish Messiah whose faith challenged their rule. As a novelization of Scriptural history it is an achievement.

White For Sunshine

(*Continued from page* 48)

WITH COLOURED DIAMONDS

1 w., (7 c, 1 w.) to end. **37th row.**—as 35th. **38th row.**—As 34th. **39th row.**—As 33rd row. Change contrast, and still working in st. st. rep. the last 7 rows 4 times more, changing contrast every 7 rows. Continue in white.

68th row.—(105 on needle) Cast off 10 for neck, p. to end (95) ; dec. 1 st. at end of next row and at same edge on next 7 rows, then on rows 77 and 79 (86 sts. on needle). Work 9 rows straight. Inc. at shaped edge on rows 89 and 91, then on 93rd row and every row until 95 are again on needle.

100th row.—Cast on 10, p. to end (105 sts.). Now repeat from 33rd to 67th rows inclusive.

136th row.—Continuing in w., p.

Cast off 7 on the next 9 k. rows and 5 on next 7 k. rows, *but at the same time* dec. 1 st. at end of 145th row and on every 4th row 7 times more. None will remain.

THE BACK

Work this exactly like the front until 67th row has been done.

SHAPE NECK

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of 68th row and at same edge on rows 71, 74 and 77 ; work 13 rows straight ; inc. at shaped edge on rows 91, 94, 97 and 100. Complete as for front from 101st row to end.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out and press on wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join one shoulder seam and press it. Holding work right side towards you, with No. 12 needles and pink wool pick up and k. 108 sts. evenly all round neck ; work 1 in. in k. 1, p. 1 rib and cast off. Join other shoulder seam (leaving neck opening if desired) and press join. Holding work right side towards you, and starting and ending 49 sts. up from lower edge, with shoulder seam in middle, pick up and k. 112 sts. along side edge (56 either side of shoulder seam) ; work 1 in. in k. 1, p. 1 rib, then cast off. Work other side band, for armhole, to match. With No. 12 needles and pink wool, holding work right side towards you, pick up and k. 100 sts. evenly along lower edge of back, and front, in turn ; work 4½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib, then cast off. Join side, armband and welt seams and press seams. If a neck opening has been left, neaten it with crochet and close with press studs or a button and loop.

WITH COLOURED STRIPES

(*Continued from page* 48)

ribbing. Join side seams and cast on sts. for armhole. Join shoulders for 4½ ins. each side. Work 1 row of white d.c. along left front shoulder, round neck and along right shoulder.

2nd row.—Along one shoulder only. 1 d.c. on first d.c. * Make 4 ch., miss 4 d.c., 1 d.c. on each of the next 5 d.c. ; rep. from * twice, make 4 ch., miss 4 d.c., 1 d.c. on last d.c.

3rd row.—Work d.c. on d.c.

Work 2nd and 3rd rows on other shoulder to match. Work 2 rows of d.c. along each back shoulder. Work 1 row of d.c. round each armhole.

Crochet covers for button moulds thus : 4 dahlia and 4 blue.

Make 3 ch. and join into a ring. Work 5 d.c. into ring. Now work d.c. on d.c. until size required.

Stitch 4 buttons on each back shoulder to correspond with buttonholes in alternate colour order.

Dictator's End

(*Continued from page* 12)

would be necessary for the Party leaders to go underground, to carry on the fight, to preserve and foster their ideals in complete obscurity and emerge perhaps in some far corner of the earth many years hence. If that were to be so, plans must be made now, not left to chance.

"We had been chosen because of our close resemblance to himself. Each of us was known to be a faithful Party member with an unblemished record. Each was a man of proven courage. None of us had family ties or close personal friends.

"We must remember, he said, that we were still soldiers, and therefore subject to orders. But from this day forward we should be spared the dangers of combatant service. We should spend the remainder of the war—indeed, if all went well, the remainder of our lives—in comfort and security. If the worst happened, then *one* of us (and he stressed the word) would be chosen for the supreme honour of saving his Leader. Having done that, he would then have discharged his duty and be free to make his own escape if that were possible.

"For a time, we should be housed in the Gruberhof, constantly observing Gruber's habits and mannerisms. Then, we should each submit to a trifling surgical operation. After a period of convalescence, we should be provided with fictitious names and all necessary papers, and would each be sent to some remote part of the country, where nothing would be required of us save to establish the identity of a harmless civilian, with no more than a slight resemblance to Gruber to single us out from the common ruck of men.

"There was one other thing, Gruber added. When we adopted these false identities, we were to guard against making friends in our new rôle. We must establish the reputation of being churlish and secretive men who did not mix with their fellows."

"The interview was at an end. We stood stiffly to attention till Gruber had resumed his seat. Then we turned to march out together, but that, my dear sir, we never did. Four members of the bodyguard faced us as we turned ; we were separated, and each went his way. I never spoke to my three companions again, though occasionally I saw them at a distance, engaged in observing Gruber's characteristics just as I was doing.

"I will not bore you by recounting all that happened during those weeks of probation. I cannot speak for my three colleagues. I can only tell you my own experience. The day came when I was reminded of the slight surgical operation I was required to undergo. I was not unduly disturbed. Some distinguishing mark, probably, was to be taken away or added. But when I regained consciousness I was lying in bed, and as the effects of the anaesthetic gradually gave me possession of my faculties again, I realized—at first to my horror, as you will understand—that my right arm was missing. Also, my left leg was bandaged and gave me great pain. I discoveredl ater that a section of bone had been removed from my knee and a silver plate inserted. You have no doubt observed the effect of this in the pronounced limp I still have.

"Strangely enough my resentment was short-lived. We were conditioned, you see, to regard ourselves less as human beings than co-existing parts of the State. In me, the body of the State had suffered, but I did not look upon it as a personal matter. More than that, I was spared any (*Continued on page* 68)

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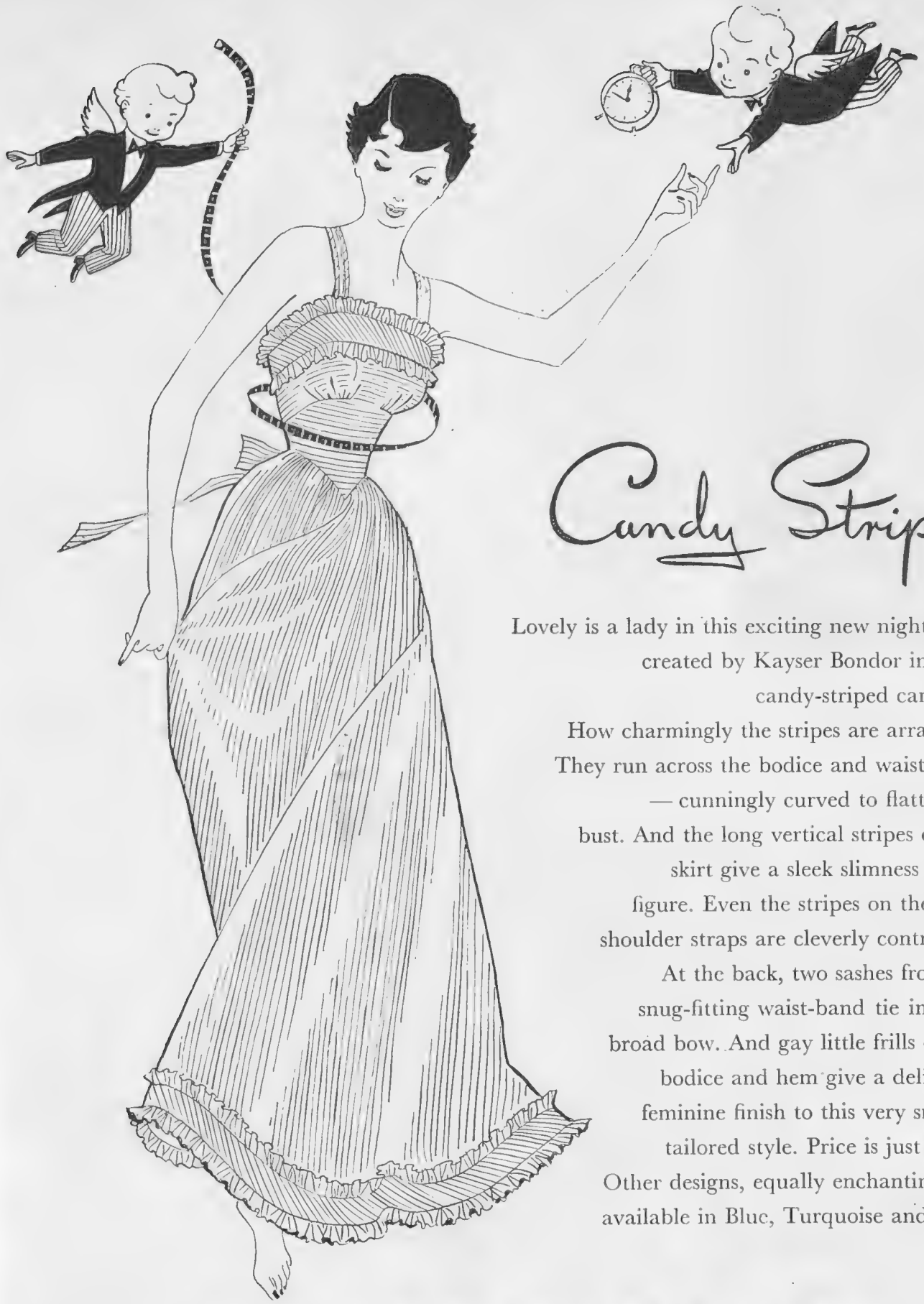

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Lovely is a lady in this exciting new nightdress, created by Kayser Bondor in crisp candy-striped cambric. How charmingly the stripes are arranged! They run across the bodice and waist-band — cunningly curved to flatter the bust. And the long vertical stripes on the skirt give a sleek slimness to the figure. Even the stripes on the wide shoulder straps are cleverly contrasted. At the back, two sashes from the snug-fitting waist-band tie in a big broad bow. And gay little frills on the bodice and hem give a delightful feminine finish to this very smartly tailored style. Price is just **49/11.** Other designs, equally enchanting, are available in Blue, Turquoise and Pink.

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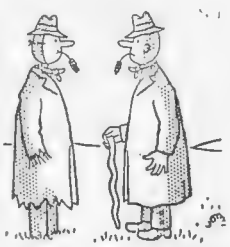

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further active service. It was more than probable that if I had remained in the Army, I should have been dead by now.

"Certainly I was treated with every consideration. One might almost say with deference. In due course, fully recovered from my injuries. I was provided with papers which established me as one Josef Goertz, an ex-railway clerk with honourable war service, now incapacitated and appointed station-master of an insignificant junction seventy miles south-east of the capital. In that, the authorities had acted most admirably, for I had at one time worked as a minor railway official, and I was able to discharge my duties with surprisingly little embarrassment."

"And so for two years, Josef Goertz was established in that remote place. He was known to everyone, yet he kept himself apart, making no friends, having no local ties. He knew that his behaviour was being observed. True; the observation was never apparent. But Gruber was a most thorough man, and in a matter touching his own safety so closely could be trusted to be even more thorough than usual.

"The war seemed distant, somewhat unreal. Josef Goertz read his newspapers. He realized that the countries beyond the borders were pressing closer. In time, it seemed that Gruber's long-term plan might after all become necessary to his safety. And as Josef Goertz limped along the platform, examining tickets with his one hand, looking in his spare moments towards the blue hills surrounding that pleasant valley, he began to think and speculate.

"Besides himself, there were three others. He wondered what their slight operations had consisted of. One, perhaps, had lost a leg. Another, an eye. The third might have suffered some hideous disfigurement. When the moment came—if it came—Gruber the master-planner would make his choice of identity from these four. He might decide to become the one-legged farmer, a hundred miles to the north. Or the one-eyed teacher by the western seaboard. The disfigured, hump-back postman, perhaps, in a suburb of the capital. He might even elect to be the one-armed, limping station-master.

"You understand, sir, the simplicity and audacity of his plan? I commend it to you if ever you choose a criminal career. Before absconding with that half-million in bonds and securities, be careful to have already established an identity. You must already have been known in some remote place, perhaps for months or years. Then when the pleasant, elderly gentleman who has been spending week-ends and holidays at the corner house takes up permanent residence, no eyebrows are raised, no questions asked. The tradespeople know him, the police nod to him and say: 'Good evening, Herr Schmidt, Monsieur Duval, Mister Brown.' The criminal, the bank-robber, the absconding solicitor? Ah no! Merely our old friend Herr Schmidt. . . ."

"All this time, you will appreciate, having little to do and no one to talk with, my mind was busy with this and that possibility. I mentioned the peculiar faculty I possess of thinking in the depth of my mind and then seeing, in a waking dream, the precise consequence of all that has gone before. All summer I had been hoping for the best, fearing the worst. Some days, our newspapers did not arrive. But on my radio set I would listen to the distant voices. I knew that we were beaten, that the Party was doomed, that Gruber was in peril. Every time a train halted, I expected an official to alight with instructions to return with him to the capital.

"But no summons came. Gruber, said those distant angry voices, was hiding in a vast concrete warren far below the Gruberhof. By now, the call must have gone out to one of us. *To one of us.*

"And it was then that I had my dream.

"The last train to stop at my station was at eighteen hours twenty. After that, I could close the station and follow my own devices. Usually, I was early in bed. At twenty-three hours forty the mail train passed through. It was not until I had heard it roar into the distance that I felt the day was over. I rarely slept till then.

Dictator's End

"But on that night, the train never came. I do not suppose it has passed through that lonely station since. I lay waiting for the distant whistle, the rumble coming nearer and nearer, the flash of yellow lights on the ceiling of my bedroom. And as I lay, my thoughts and doubts and fears took possession of me. I dreamt, though I swear my eyes never closed.

"In my dream, the train came down the long incline and stopped. I got out of bed, pulled on my clothes, and limped downstairs. On the platform the official was waiting for me, as I had known he one day would. I was summoned to the capital, to the Gruberhof. I should be returning tomorrow afternoon. Were all my affairs in order?

"A special train waited on the up-platform. We climbed aboard, the whistle shrieked and we were rumbling northward, and I looked through the window and knew I should never see the valley of my exile again. For to-morrow, it would not be the Josef Goertz who had been I, but the Josef Goertz who had been Gruber that would return to take up his duties. Gruber, an unremarked station-master, there to live in security till the hue and cry had passed.

"When the train neared the capital it stopped. A fast car awaited us at a deserted siding. By dark and devious ways we were driven towards the city centre. Everywhere buildings were burning, piles of masonry crashing to the ground. The Gruberhof was a blazing shell. We drove into the courtyard behind, and from there, down a concrete ramp, into the heart of the earth.

"We were in that vast concrete warren where Gruber had sought safety. Lights burned coldly in the concrete roof. A steel door slid back, the car drove through and we alighted. The cream of the Party was there. I recognized a score of men as I passed through the steel grille and into a chamber deeper than the rest."

"And there he stood waiting for me. Gruber who was Josef Goertz. Gruber with his left knee awry, his right sleeve empty.

"'You have done well,' he said.

"He reached towards the table. I saw down the muzzle of the heavy revolver, its blue glint. I saw his finger tighten on the trigger, I felt the hot blast of the bullet in my brain. I died.

"And as I died, I came out of that waking dream. I was sweating with fear; with more than fear, with anger and hatred. For I had known all the time, and been unwilling to admit my knowledge. that Goertz who was Gruber could never be safe while Goertz who was myself still lived.

"I hurried into my clothes. All that night I limped along the track, away from the capital. I slept next day, and walked all night again. By then, all was confusion. The end had come. It was easy for an obscure, maimed station-master to pass through the lines and over what had once been a frontier.

"And so in due course I came to this part of the world. I do not complain. The climate is kind, and if one is poor, there are compensations. An occasional cigarette, an occasional talk with a man of intelligence relieves the monotony. I hope, sir, I have not bored you?"

I CAME back to the Avenida Rio Branco, the glistening cars and the brilliant sunshine with a start. The sidewalk café was busier now. My acquaintance took another cigarette from the pack, thought better of it, and replaced it for a future occasion.

I said to him reflectively: "It seems possible that you changed the course of the world's destiny. If you had never had that experience—precognition, dream, or what you will—you *might* have been summoned to the capital, and somewhere in the world at this moment Gruber might be waiting—waiting."

"Might?" he said. "Or shall we say *may*? Somewhere in the world, there may be a man with one eye, a leg missing, a scarred, misshapen cripple. Waiting, as you say. Gruber was very thorough." He smiled slightly. "Do not forget that there were three others."

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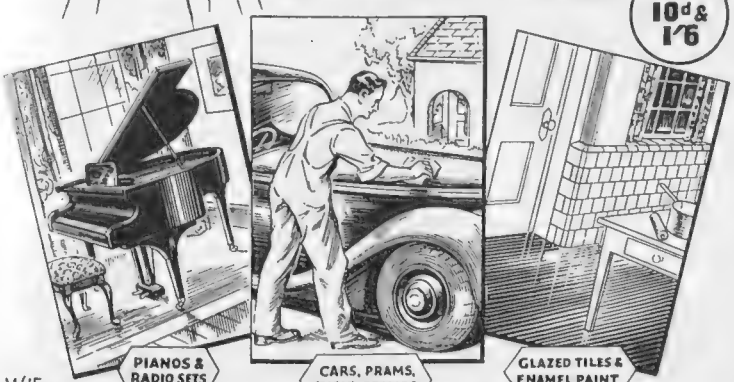

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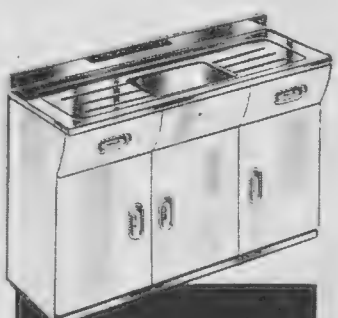

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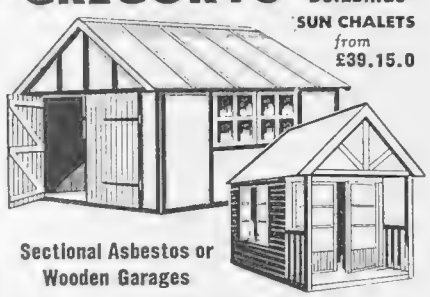

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Small Scale Collecting

(*Continued from page* 45)

forms and types of decoration. But this knowledge comes slowly and through much handling of the actual objects.

A sound principle on which to base your early searching is not to be too ambitious. Slightly damaged pieces are always cheaper but when repaired and well displayed have the beauty of the perfect specimen, though the value is modified. Don't expect to pick up an elaborately beautiful group of Dresden figures for ten shillings, because you won't, but with patient searching (which is half the fun) you may find, for example, a delightful Swansea jug, painted in a delicate and brilliantly coloured floral design, such as only that factory could produce, like the example illustrated, and rest assured that your home will acquire a cultured air of its own. Moreover you will have invested your money wisely.

RICHARD PAGE-SMITH

The Disintegration Of Martin Paul

(*Continued from page* 19)

to go," he said softly, and then remembering, "I thought you'd gone; I woke up earlier and missed you."

She slipped out of bed and stretching catlike, walked across the room. "You must have had a dream; no, I remember, I went once to the bathroom." She dressed quickly, lifted the mosquito-net and kissed him lightly on the lips. He watched her, pulling her black bui-bui about her as she went silently from the room; turning out the light he went back to sleep.

Later, when the sun's first rays chased all thoughts of Maryam from his mind he ate his eggs and bacon, his toast and Oxford marmalade to the dignified rustle of an old *Times*. Then lighting his pipe he collected some papers and walked to his office.

A WEEK later on a Friday morning Paul was sitting at his desk at the Health Office impeccably dressed in a sharkskin suit and striped club tie, when the Sanitary Superintendent knocked at the door and came in. "Time to pay the men, major; will you come down, please?" Paul, with a gesture of irritation, completed the sentence that he had begun to write.

"Wretched people, none of them does a hand's turn of work. Army discipline's what they need." He touched his neat military moustache with the tips of his fingers and followed Mr. Lawson down the stairs. The crowd of men in the yard, milling excitedly round the doorway of the lower office, made way for him and he strode in taking the key on the end of its chain out of his pocket. Glancing round to see that all was ready he opened the safe.

A puzzled look crossed his face, and the Sanitary Superintendent, seeing something was wrong, peered shortsightedly over his shoulder. Some papers and the pay ledger lay at the bottom of the safe, but there was no sign of the money. Nine hundred pounds had disappeared.

Paul's face was ashen as he straightened up and shut the safe.

"Mr. Lawson, telephone the police; ask for a European officer."

It couldn't be true, there must be some mistake. But he knew that there wasn't, he had personally the day before seen the money placed there, signed for it, and locked the safe himself. He knew the key had never left his person.

He returned to his office amid the clamour of unpaid labourers and sat very still, his hands clasped around his lean temples. Why did it have to happen to him, a man of such unimpeachable character?

The Superintendent of Police came and made his investigations. He inspected the safe, asked many questions and, taking Paul's safe-key, locked the downstairs office and departed smiling. Paul rang up the bank, and the Director of Medical Services before he set about writing a report. He cancelled all his engagements for the day and spent the evening alone in sombre gloom. He knew how rapidly news spread in the small town and by evening everybody seemed to know. Men changing after tennis, or little groups at the bar seized avidly on late-comers for the latest bulletins, new food to assuage their hunger for gossip. From the meanest sweeper's hut to Government House the theft was picked over with relish.

Next morning Paul had a series of exhausting interviews culminating in the conference with the Commissioner of Police. He sat very upright in his chair, enunciating his words carefully, giving as full an account of the relevant facts as possible.

Yes, he had received the money and checked it in the presence of Mr. Lawson and a bank official. He had seen it placed in the safe which he had locked himself. The office had been locked immediately afterwards by Mr. Lawson, who held the key, and had not been used since. The safe key was on a ring attached to his trousers and he was certain that it hadn't left his person for a moment. What happened when he took his trousers off? He hung the key round his neck until the morning.

The Commissioner nodded, he had seen it dangling round Paul's neck a few days before while they were in the changing room at the gymkhana. There were only two keys, Paul's and another that was kept in a safe at the Treasury.

His statements were checked, largely as a formality, but his word was accepted without question. Nevertheless it did not occur to Paul that he would not have to shoulder the responsibility and it was therefore an agreeable surprise later when his director took him aside: "Of course, Paul, this is unpleasant for you," he said, "but I think there's no doubt Government will take the view that you are not to blame, you seem to have taken every reasonable precaution."

At first Paul was subdued and avoided at all costs intercourse with other Europeans, but when the shock wore off and after his interview with the director he soon regained his poise, becoming unbearably officious about the whole affair.

PEOPLE were at first agreeably affected by misfortune overtaking the high and mighty major, but when they met him they treated him with good-natured kindness until his rapid return to spiritual solvency drove their sympathy away like fog before the wind. It was always the same, the delicate flowers of charitable feeling withered fast and died under the glare of his self-esteem.

One Saturday morning he and the Commissioner of Police met by chance in the bar of the club. Paul asked him jovially whether he had found any fresh clues, adding, "No finger prints on my key, eh, Colonel?" The Commissioner shook his head, "Only your own, but then I wasn't really looking for them."

"Oh, I thought you fellows set great store by finger prints; what did you expect to find?"

"Wax."

"Wax, why on earth?"

"Well, you see, I don't think you could have missed the key long enough for the safe to be opened, but it only takes a few minutes for a wax impression to be taken."

"It must have been done in my sleep then."

The Commissioner finished his drink. "Have the other half, Paul?"

"No, thank you I must go. Cricket this afternoon, and it wouldn't do for the captain to turn up half seas over, would it Colonel?" Paul laughed heartily as he walked briskly away.

After the crieket match he had a leisurely bath, and putting on his kanga and sandals waited for Maryam with mounting impatience, knowing that she was (*Continued on page* 72)

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somewhere close outside ready to enter the house when no one was about. At last she came and after the first rapturous embrace they settled comfortably on the floor with the M'bao board between them. For half-an-hour or so they played, while Maryam laughed at his slowness. Suddenly some chance movement or remark illuminated in his mind a vivid picture of a previous evening they had spent together.

They had been sitting, as now, on the carpet with the board between them, and as he had leaned over to drop his beans in a distant hollow, the key which dangled from his neck had struck the board.

Maryam had laughed at him: "Why do you wear that thing?"

"It's government orders, I've got to have it on me, always."

"Well, I don't like it, it looks silly; take it off." Obediently he had removed it from his neck and wound it round his wrist, placating his mistress, yet still complying with regulations.

It was that night when he had woken up to find her not in bed, an incident which until this moment had not crossed his mind. He heard again the dry voice of the Commissioner in the bar that morning, ". . . it only takes a minute to make a wax impression." He heard himself reply, self-satisfaction in his voice. "It must have been done in my sleep." Such were his powers of selective memory that, sitting at high noon in the club talking to a brother officer, what was so painfully clear to him now had never entered his mind.

While these ugly thoughts chased feverishly through his mind, Maryam watched him with growing curiosity. "Go on, play, what are you waiting for?"

Slowly he raised his eyes to hers and letting the beans fall with a clatter on the board, his hand went to his throat where the key had hung. In the stillness of the room they looked at one another, and Maryam knew what was in his mind.

She got up, fearing he would do her violence and went quickly from the house.

For a long time he did not stir from his position while the first rude shock of discovery turned to pain. So Maryam talked about him when she was at home, boasting of her European lover, displaying the jewellery and rolls of silk that he gave her, revealing the secrets of their most intimate moments together.

Then, when some lout, also no doubt her lover, had wanted the key which she knew he carried, she had betrayed him without a moment's thought. It must have been easy enough when he was soundly asleep to have made a wax impression while the key was still attached to his wrist, and then to have slipped downstairs and handed the block out of the window.

The discovery of the theft had shaken Paul but left the structure of his self-complacency undisturbed; this was the first real blow to get beyond his guard, causing the first ominous creak that foreshadowed the collapse of his cardboard world.

It was not until a little later that another side of this new situation struck him: he must tell the police. Perhaps it was too late, perhaps it wasn't worth while; but he knew that he had to do it. An Englishman always owns up. In a night of little sleep Paul found no way out, and his voice was husky on the telephone as he rang the Commissioner, asking for an interview. "I know it's Sunday, but what I have to say may prove important."

"Very well, Paul, come to my house at mid-day."

THE hot morning seemed interminable while he watched the shadows of the palm-trees shorten on the grass. He dressed with care in a freshly laundered suit.

He walked through the burning heat like a condemned man to the gallows, but somewhere deep in his muddled brain he felt a spark of satisfaction at his self-sacrifice, at the honourable nature of his conduct.

By the time he found himself in the little ground floor room used as an office he was almost overcome with exultation at his own nobility.

The Commissioner greeted him kindly, "Well, Paul, got any new clues for us?" His voice trembled as he replied.

"I think someone might have taken an impression of the key while I was asleep, sir."

The Commissioner handed him a cigarette.

"That had occurred to me as a matter of fact. Tell me frankly, Paul, who was it?"

Haltingly, a little out of breath, Paul told him the whole story, leaving out no detail that might be of use. If he expected an expression of incredulity on the Colonel's face he was disappointed.

"I would have told you before, but I swear on my honour as an officer that I only thought of it last night."

"Yes, I believe you would. There wasn't anyone else I suppose?"

"No, I swear it. I could kick myself for my own stupidity; it's probably too late now."

The Commissioner smiled and shook his head. "This has cost you a tremendous effort, hasn't it? No, I can relieve your mind on that score, we checked up on Maryam Khalifa and her friends the day it happened. We'll probably recover the money within a day or two." He was quite unaware of the bomb-shell he had dropped.

Paul could hardly believe his ears. "You checked up on her, you mean you knew about me?"

The Commissioner could repress his amusement no longer and burst out laughing.

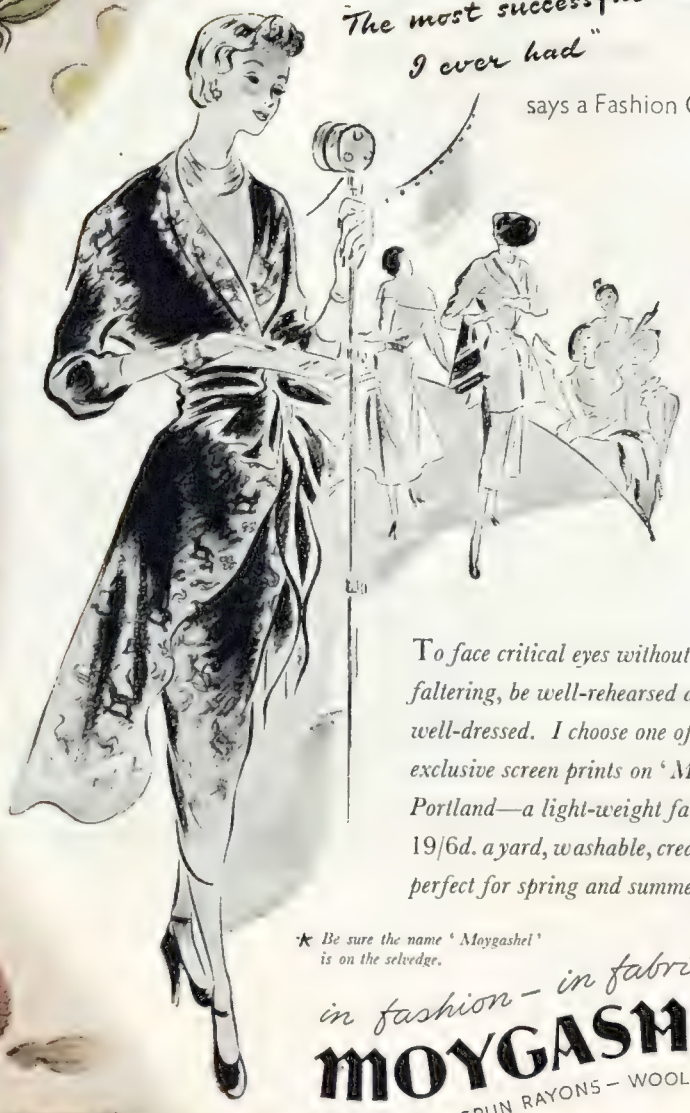
"Know? Of course I do. My dear boy *everybody* does!" So everybody knew. The cardboard world, the immaculate façade trembled again, and with a rending of rotten timber crashed to the ground.

Paul's resignation, particularly in view of the recovery of the money, was received with astonishment and soon he was gone, giving more pleasure by this mysterious departure than his company had ever caused.

END

The most successful dress I ever had"

says a Fashion Commère



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The Story Of The Cross

(*Continued from page 25*)

Empress Helena was certainly above suspicion, and would not have stooped to such a heinous deception. Neither is it likely that old wood substituted in the place where the Cross might have been expected to lie would deceive the many religious and learned authorities in Jerusalem at the time. It is strange, however, that Constantine's friend, the biographer Eusebius, who also lived in the Holy City, makes no mention of the discovery in his chronicles.

All Christians at once accepted the Empress's discovery of the sacred wood, which had remained buried since Our Lord's death in A.D. 31, and there was great rejoicing throughout Christendom.

The greater portion of the Cross, appropriately gilded and set with precious stones, was set up in the church built by Constantine. It remained there for 300 years for worshippers to see each Easter Sunday, till the King of Persia overran Egypt and Asia, eventually capturing and sacking Jerusalem. Ninety thousand Christians lost their lives in a vain effort to defend the Cross and the holy sites. The Cross was taken away by the invaders but, only fifteen years later, the Persian king was defeated in a pitched battle on the plains of Nineveh, and the Cross restored to its former resting place. We are told that the Emperor Heraclius, with head humbly uncovered and barefoot, carried it back himself to the Holy City.

In 637 Jerusalem fell again, this time to the powerful Mohammedans. They allowed the Cross, however, to remain in Constantine's church, and thousands of devout followers of Christ made the Cross their object of special devotion and arduous pilgrimages.

Then there arose in Egypt a ruler, El Hakim, a fanatical Christian hater. He invaded the Holy Land in the "name of the prophet," and utterly destroyed many of the Christian churches in Jerusalem. Fortunately the Cross was removed in time to save it, and for a hundred years it was seen only by a few and in great secrecy.

The Crusaders, who fought the Holy War, have been rightly or wrongly discredited in recent times as men who put national and personal ambitions before the holy cause, but those who were inspired to fight the first Crusade by Peter the Hermit were certainly men of great religious zeal. Every soldier in this army, high ranking and low, had a cross in some material stitched on his tunic, and one of the main objects of the expedition was to recover and replace the true Cross. Their efforts were successful, and in March, 1099, the Cross was once more in Jerusalem.

Only for a brief spell, under the kings Godfrey and Baldwin, did the holy places remain well guarded as a sacred trust. When Saladin invaded Jerusalem, the Cross relics were carried out before the defending soldiers to inspire them in battle, but under the weak leadership of Guy, the fight was lost at Hattin, and the Cross carried off. Saladin magnanimously allowed certain Christians to see the captured relics, and the Bishop of Salisbury must have been one of the last Christians to view the true Cross in 1192, for from then onwards these revered and ancient pieces of wood vanished completely from history.

IT has been said by a few sceptics, who sneer at objects beloved by many that there is enough wood of the true Cross to build a battleship. It must be remembered, however, that the fragments of wood, devoutly believed to be pieces of the Cross, are minute, many of them smaller than a pin head. Such fragments are still carefully preserved in many European churches and cathedrals in Rome, Brussels, Ghent and Venice, and until the French Revolution, a Calvary contained a fragment in the chapel of the Bourbons. The "actual" board that was nailed over the head of Christ on the Cross is still to be seen in the church of Santa Croce in Rome—its authenticity stands or falls with the fragments of holy wood; there is no doubt that this is the board unearthed by St. Helena.

There were many of these tiny pieces of wood in England in the Middle Ages at the time of Chaucer. They were said to absolve sins and to be endowed with healing powers—the simple and superstitious pilgrims to Canterbury were preyed on by pseudo holy men and mendicants, who extracted a large fee for the privilege of looking upon the relics, and an extortionate one for kissing them. Worn away to dust, very few of the fragments now remain. Cardinal Wolsey kept one of these relics attached to a golden chain, and there is a story about it which says little for His Eminence's devoutness.

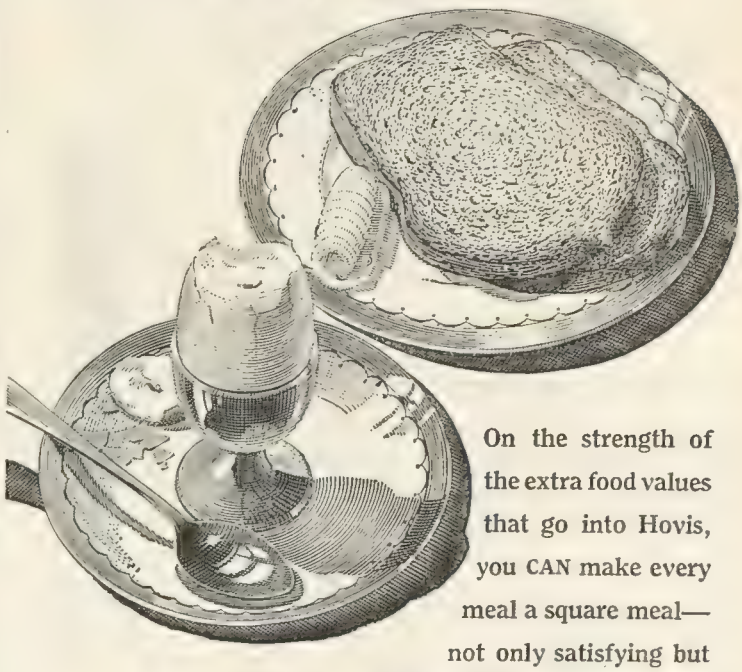
When the cardinal was disgraced, and going into retirement, a messenger from King Henry VIII raised his hopes of reinstatement, whereupon the cardinal gave him his holy relic saying: "When I was prosperous I would not have taken £1,000 for it."

It is said that the timber of the Cross was prematurely matured for its divine but sad purpose. The legend of the history of the tree of the Cross has gradually taken shape and into it are woven many old Biblical traditions. In varied forms this beautiful legend has been told by the great story tellers of medieval times, and made the subject of stained glass windows, murals and tapestry throughout the world. The story starts in Paradise and continues right through the Old Testament period.

Adam tilled the Valley of Hebron after his expulsion from the Garden of Eden, and when he felt that his days were drawing to an end, he sent his son, Seth, to the angel who guarded the gates of Paradise for the oil of mercy which had been promised him after his "fall." From Hebron to Paradise Seth retraced the footprints of Adam and Eve, which had seared the ground and upon which nothing had ever grown.

The angel, Cherubim, listened to Seth's message, then ordered him to look beyond the gate within the Garden. He beheld a place of great peacefulness, beauty and delight, watered by four great rivers which flowed outwards from a central fountain. (*Continued on page 76*)

Every meal a square meal . . .



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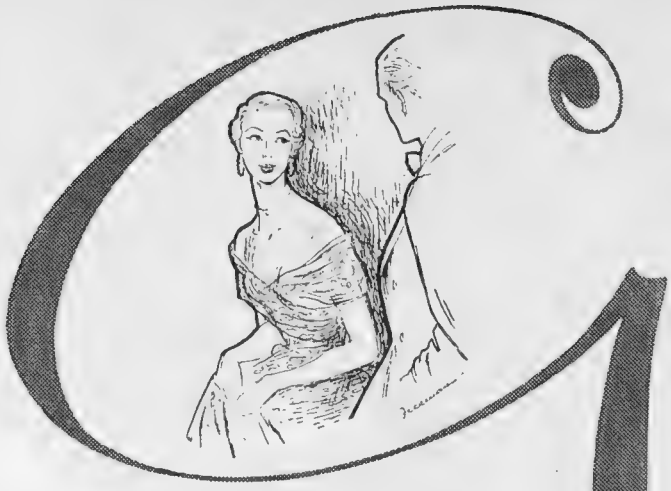

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And rising from near the fountain was a mighty tree with all-enveloping branches yet naked of bark or foliage. On looking more intently, Seth saw a serpent twisted round the tree, and as the angel bade him watch more intently, the tree grew miraculously, reaching the heavens, and on its summit, cradled in the branches, a child lay wrapped in glittering raiment. The angel told Seth that this child would give his father, Adam, the oil of mercy when the time should come. Then the angel gave Seth three seeds from the fruit of the tree from which Adam had eaten, telling him to place them in the mouth of Adam after his death, and before his burial. From these seeds three trees, the cedar, cypress and pine, would grow.

Everything that the angel foretold came to pass, and at the time of Abraham the trees were just showing above the ground. Moses took up the seedlings carefully, and carried them with him in his desert wanderings, finally replanting them in the Valley of Consolation.

David carried the trees from here to Jerusalem where he replanted them close together near a fountain so that they might be well cared for and watered, and thirty years later the three trees had grown together into one beautiful tree with spreading shady branches. In the cool shade of this tree we are told that David wrote the Psalms.

David's son, Solomon, when he came to complete his temple, cut down the tree to provide a single beam wanted for its completion because no other tree was big enough for the need. But first it was found to be too long, and then when cut, too short, and in no way could it be fitted. This was accepted as an omen that the timber should not be used for this purpose. Some legends say that the timber was carefully preserved in the temple, but the Provençal narrative states that the sawn limb was flung aside in a certain nearby marsh to serve as a bridge. When the Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon in Jerusalem, and to listen to his wisdom, she came to the bridge over the marsh. As she made to pass over, she saw a vision which foretold that the Saviour of the World was to die on the timber lying at her feet, so she turned aside, prayed and adored it.

All the legends agree that afterwards the beam of wood was buried where the Pool of Bethesda now stands, so that the visit of the angel to the holy well was not alone responsible for the healing qualities of the "moving waters," but these were derived also from the virtues of the wood buried beneath. At the time of the Passion, the wood floated to the surface, and was taken up by the Jews, who crucified Our Lord upon it.

The footprints of Adam that left the ground bare are still to be seen on the summit of Mount Gerizim.

From St. Helena's discovery of the Cross onwards for hundreds of years people looked for pieces of holy wood and other religious relics associated with Our Lord's life and death as tangible aids with which to strengthen their faith. Now as a mark of the growing strength of Christianity in a troubled world, such relics are no longer a necessity as bulwarks of our religion.

The Cross at all times is a symbol to remind us that Our Lord gave up his life that we might live. And was condemned by those who "knew not what they did" to suffer the death of a common felon on a gibbet of wood.

END

Part-Time Countrywoman

(*Continued from page 28*)

fact that I cannot sleep through bombs or do creative work on no sleep at all, that led me to the cottage. When the war ended and it was possible to go back to living in town, I found that the idea dismayed me. Here are the things I decided I couldn't bear to part with :

I like my bath before the kitchen fire—in a flat bath with a lip like the ones used by Degas's bathing women—with rainwater soft as silk and smelling slightly of dead leaves. The clock ticks, loud in the country silence, and the cat stares like an owl while I soap a little and pause to think, and turn to enjoy the warmth of the fire from all angles, protected from draughts by a big screen. This I would not change for a modern bathroom—cold in spirit if not in fact—in spite of the "bailing out" operations which follow.

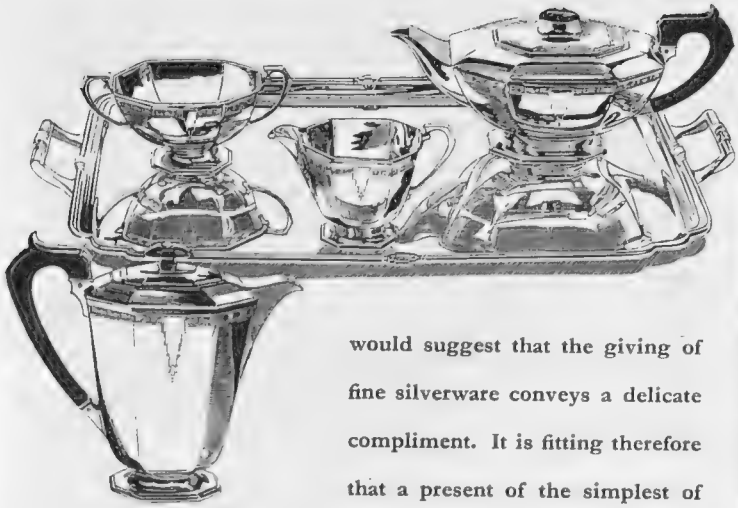
FRESH food, varying with the seasons, grows to be picked at my own door, and I enjoy waiting for each delicacy to come along in its proper season. I would not dream of spoiling the great day when the first strawberries are ripe in the garden, by buying the forced or frozen fruits which command such fantastic prices in London shops a few weeks earlier.

At week-ends and in the light evenings I garden, growing a variety of fruits, vegetables and herbs, and eating them when they are "just right." Who has not tasted freshly-dug new potatoes with freshly-picked mint; young, sweet peas or broad beans; small carrot thinnings, just pulled; globe artichokes; crisp, young lettuce; black-current cordial sweetened with honey (not "honey-type" spread); tomatoes with the sun still warm on them; or parsnips dug after the first frosts does not know that English food is second to none.

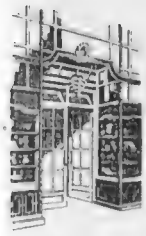
I also pick and store, as wine, or jam, or chutney, or just "neat," the unrationed gifts of the fields and hedges : mushrooms, blackberries, elderberries, rose hips, cowslips, hazel nuts, sloes, and many more.

Shopping in the country is not a drudgery and a bore. I live far enough from any town for my supplies to be left by butcher and fishmonger once a week. The buying of groceries and odds and ends is a social occasion—a visit to Mrs. B. at the village stores. She keeps open until bedtime because her work is also her life, and her chief pleasure is to talk to her customers. (*Continued on page 78*)

We at 112 . . .



would suggest that the giving of fine silverware conveys a delicate compliment. It is fitting therefore that a present of the simplest of silverware should be endowed with the attributes of good taste . . . to be placed among your friends' most treasured possessions.



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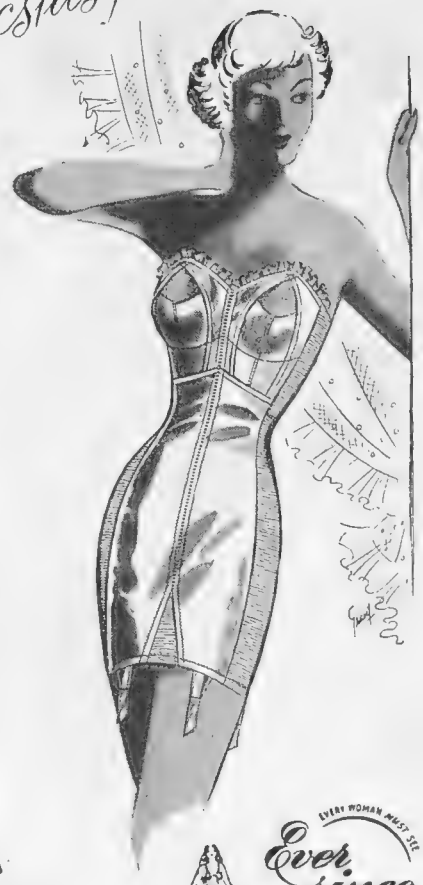

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Part-Time Countrywoman

To Mrs. B. I am only incidentally a "registered customer." It is her old friend she serves.

IF you sat in my cottage without looking through the window you could tell the season of the year. In winter my jugs and vases are filled with the patterns made by naked branches, still tightly shut hazel catkins, purple-berried ivy, and conifers. There are moss-plate gardens for all the little odds and ends of flower and colour that can be found in sheltered positions in ditches or woods or under fallen leaves, even in the coldest weather. Snowdrops, aconites and winter jasmine appear late in January. Crocuses follow, and daffodils, and blossom. In late spring and summer the cottage is alive with flowers. My own sweet peas take pride of place. I pick and pick again, bunch after bunch, without making any appreciable difference to the hedge of delicate colour. They almost grow themselves. Preparing a bed for them, sowing and cultivating, take about two hours of my year's gardening time.

Then, if I lived in town, I should miss the journey, which is what most horrifies my urban friends. It begins, in winter, with a walk down the frosty village street with the stars just paling and a line of light behind the eastern woods. Rather sleepy cocks are trying out their first crows of the day. The owls have not yet quite decided that their "shift" is over. A fox is barking somewhere out in the woods.

Outside the little "pub" where the bus stops are two or three farm labourers and gardeners, a land girl friend off to her milking job, and two village women who do part-time factory work in the country town. Friendly "Mornin's" greet me. Once in my corner of the train I watch the pattern of plough and wood and meadow go by; but when the train reaches the functional little houses of outer London, I bury myself in my book.

On winter evenings I come home to stars again and the smell of wood smoke in the village street. Country silence with its undercurrent of tiny, living sounds, is restful to ears that have been filled all day with the harsh, mechanical noises of a big town—grinding brakes, typewriters, pneumatic drills.

In the summer I cycle to and from the station through lanes illuminated by sunrise or gilded by sunset. Back in my cottage the little domestic jobs that my ancestors have done for so many hundreds of years help me to relax to country tempo. By the time I sit down to my supper before the fire my nerves are no longer too taut for digestion. I go to bed at the country hour of "tennish," perhaps after a drink of old and mild and a game of dominoes with friends at The Harrow. As I sleep the clean air blows in through two windows from field and wood, and I am still half aware of the silence.

END

Ghost Train To The Orient

(*Continued from page* 16)

Milanais publicly reviled and privately admired, while he told you it looks like a glorified wedding cake—which it does!

Then there was the station buffet on the platform at Belgrade, with an orchestra. The conductor, slim and *pince nez'd*, was the dead image of King Alexander.

Then as you crossed the plains of Jugoslavia there were the little goose girls, like in the fairy tales, but the little goose girls became sophisticated. If the train came to an unexpected halt, the girls would come hawking pasteks to the carriage windows; things like melons, coral pink inside, with jet black pips.

Since Tito broke with Moscow, there have been a few passengers on the Orient Express booked to Belgrade, but correspondingly since the notorious Budapest trials, there has been a complete freeze out of passengers for the Hungarian capital.

What tales this train could tell. It ran untouched and unscratched all through the war; a sort of "Flying Dutchman" on wheels, fated to run for ever; or is it?

Sometimes I wonder whether it *is* the Orient Express or a "real" Ghost Train. When one has made vain endeavour for visas to visit places to which once upon a time one could go without let or hindrance one is veritably jealous of this extraordinary empty train. Who for goodness sake gives it visas; who pays the losses, which must be considerable?

The conductors once so haughty are like animated dummies these days. Once I asked an Orient Express conductor who were the best travellers, from his point of view. Without a moment's hesitation he replied: "The French."

"Do you mean they are the best tippers?"

"Yes."

"How about the Americans?"

"They either give you too much or nothing at all."

Some time before the war the conductors were put on a fixed tipping tariff; all nicely printed; if a passenger did not tip according to the *barême*, out came the tariff card. If he over-tipped . . . you have guessed the answer to that, no doubt. But ghosts don't tip; the conductors have found that out.

If you happen to be travelling on the Orient Express during the winter, you, too, may see ghosts, because on certain stretches of track the people who control these things put on one of the old-time dining-cars which were in their heyday when the Emperor Francis Joseph ruled the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Only, so far as I know, on *this* side of the Iron Curtain will you find such a car, say between Zurich and Vienna. You go into dinner just after you leave the German Swiss city.

(*Continued on page* 80)

During their triumphant tour of America and Canada, all the members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet wore Aristoc nylons off-stage. Aristoc, along with Britain's leading fashion designers, are proud to have been associated with so distinguished a company.

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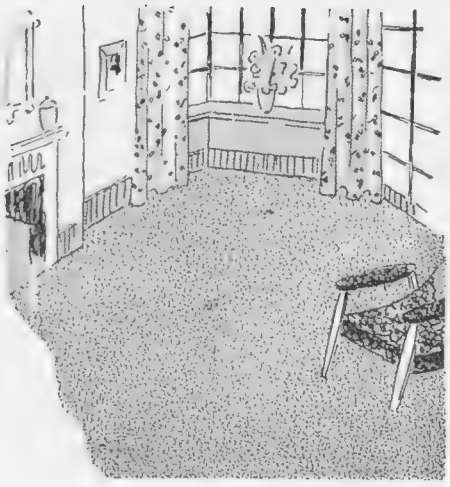

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she's liable to

lose half her teeth

by the time she's 40

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So start to-day with Phillips', which keeps teeth bright, leaves the mouth feeling wonderfully fresh and dispels mouth acid at every brushing.

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The walls of the car, like the tables themselves, are of dark mahogany, the colour of a rich burgundy. From the ceiling hang beautiful scintillating crystal chandeliers. The heavy brassware shines like burnished gold; the tableware is out of this world, and the tablecloths and napkins are of a highly starched richness. The waiters do justice to the 1900 setting. The man in the corner with a red beard and a blue beret seems entirely out of the period.

The service is silent and impeccable; the food marvellous. You mentally cancel the beer you were going to order and out loud agree to the Liebfraumilch, 1944—*eine ganze flasche*! Silently you drink to the ghosts.

Once upon a time you changed for Athens and took a younger brother of the Orient Express to the Greek capital, but since the Civil War this train has not functioned, yet it penetrates the Iron Curtain thrice weekly! Strange. What do the denizens of the People's Republics think of this piece of "Imperial reaction" on wheels, I wonder? Is it held up to young Ivanovitch as a Dreadful Example? "Behold thou this train," perhaps they say to the shaven-headed boy with the deep-set eyes and sallow cheeks; "look well at those red lampshades and do not be deceived, for they are not the badges of the Revolution which your Uncle Joe brought you. No, my son, once upon a time men and women sat at those tables beneath those red lampshades and brought trade and. . . . As I was saying Ivanovitch, my son, take heed, for this empty train is an Awful Warning of what befalls countries which do not accept the great gifts of Stalin the Benefactor."

If you talk to the *maître d'hôtel* in the marvellous dining-car he will thaw and become human and remind you and himself of the days when there were no ghosts but real flesh and blood travellers. Then he will become a little sad and say there are very few of these cars left. They wear out and are not being replaced.

"Why should they be?" you say, "there are no travellers." He shrugs and meekly bows his head in agreement.

No, it is not air travel which is killing train travel. I thought that might be the explanation, until I found that our late enemies, Germany and Italy, have super-luxurious trains with the most wonderful food. But don't try and pay your bill with pound notes; West German marks, yes; French francs if you like, but sterling, no. Even the Orient Express will not accept sterling but it will cash a traveller's cheque, at its own rate of exchange.

Checking over the Orient Express bookings, one finds that on the over-all journey across Europe, the sleeping-cars are always seventy-five per cent empty, but say roughly half the journey, as far as Vienna is not too bad; then the travellers thin out and the Orient Express is proper poorly. Yet it is impossible to find out *why* the train continues to run. Possibly somewhere someone with a "pull" and a respect for tradition, a tradition that has lasted more than half a century, keeps the wheels of the train turning?

When one old Orient Express traveller meets another there is no shortage of anecdotes. Once, between the wars, and not long after the first one, I was travelling westwards in the depth of winter. Part of the track on the German stretch was blocked with snow. The train crew went into conference and after a long halt it was decided that the train would have to take a circular route—and the passengers would have to pay extra mileage! We passengers grumbled, but agreed. All except one German. *Donnerwetter, noch ein tausend und noch ein mal,* but he would not pay. So there was a whip round and his share of the fare was paid by the rest of us.

This little tale of the Orient Express cannot vie of course with the tales of jewel thieves, and beautiful spies, but my little tales did happen in the days when the Orient Express was a home on wheels for real people.

Calais to Istanbul! Well, you can go as far as Vienna, but that is where you get off and the train goes on, either wholly empty or with just a very few of the *élite* allowed behind the Iron Curtain.

All the way to the Orient on a Ghost Train! What a wonderful film, but if ever anybody makes such a film I hope he will explain *why* this chocolate coloured train keeps on running. Until then it will remain a mystery, not unlike that of the good ship *Celeste*.

END

Who Are The Middle Classes?

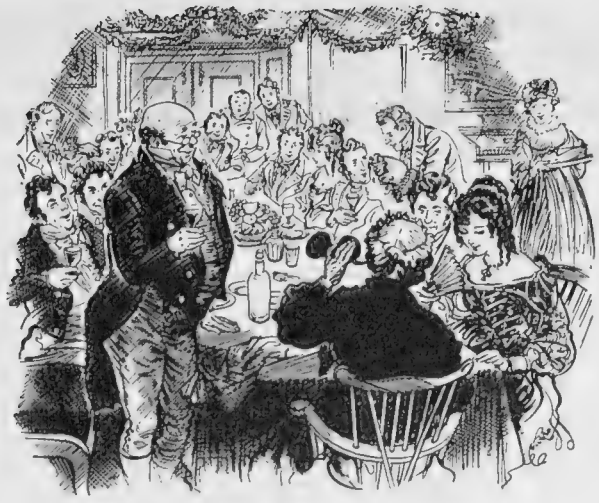
(*Continued from page* 15)

So we get the real poser that must be answered before the ills of the middle classes can be examined, diagnosed and prescribed for—who *are* the middle classes? More particularly, where do the middle classes shade off into the working classes?

Writers Roy Lewis and Angus Maude, in their penetrating study *The English Middle Classes*, 1949, suggest (not over-seriously) that "before the war, when textile supplies and laundry facilities were more ample, it might perhaps have been held that the middle classes were composed of all those who used napkin rings. . .and that the dividing line between the upper-middle and the lower-middle classes was the point at which a napkin became a serviette." Unscientific perhaps, but in this baffling class question manners and behaviour play a very big part.

In a recent Gallup Poll, a representative section were asked to say what social class they belonged to. Replies, in percentages, were: upper class, one; upper middle, four; middle, twenty-eight; lower middle, twelve; working, fifty; don't know, five. Messrs. Lewis and Maude, disregarding the upper class, estimate the true percentages as: total middle class, about thirty-five (compare forty-four above); working class, about sixty-five (compare fifty above).

(*Continued on page* 82



Mr. Pickwick proposes a toast

"My dear friends", resumed Mr. Pickwick, "I am going to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom—God bless 'em".

'PICKWICK PAPERS' *by Charles Dickens*

A wedding is always an occasion for celebration, whether in the pages of "Pickwick Papers" or in the press of current affairs. But it is also a time for serious thought about wills, marriage settlements and other important, if unromantic, matters. On such occasions the services of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company are particularly helpful. The Company's experience and continuity, with the friendly, confidential advice of its officers, can be of great assistance in the years ahead.

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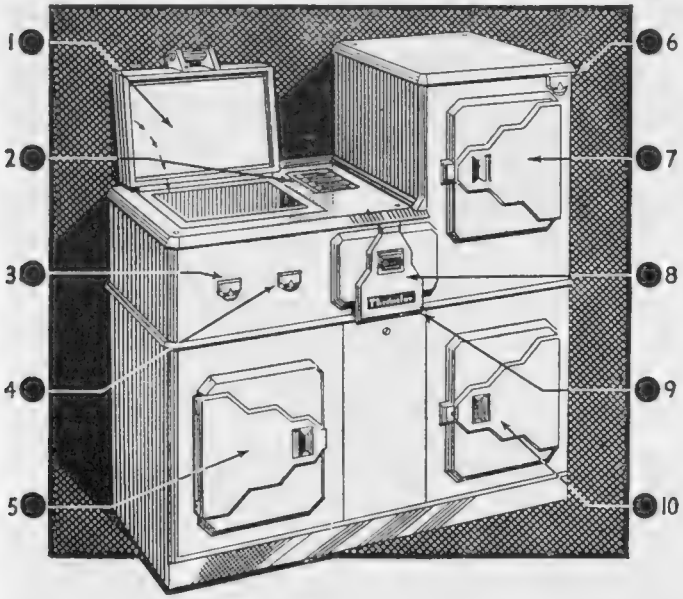

1, Rapid Boiling Hot-plate. 2, Simmer-plate. 3, Simmer-plate Control Dial. 4, Electronic Control Dial for Aux. Oven and Grill. 5, Cupboard space or 200 deg. F. Oven. 6, Control Dial for Main Oven. 7, Main Roasting and Baking Oven, 300 to 500 deg. F. 8, Auxiliary Oven, 150 to 300 deg. F. 9, Radiant Grill. 10, Cupboard space or 150 deg. F. Oven.

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WHO'S WHO

No. 2

Black William George

AGED 7 and a bit. Educated, according to his father, at Saturday morning cinema shows; and, less noticeably, at local day-school. Owner of one mongrel puppy (variegated) and two white mice (confiscated). Judges the success of a birthday party by the number of glasses of Kia-Ora he can consume; fails to understand why anything he enjoys so much should be so wholeheartedly approved by his elders.

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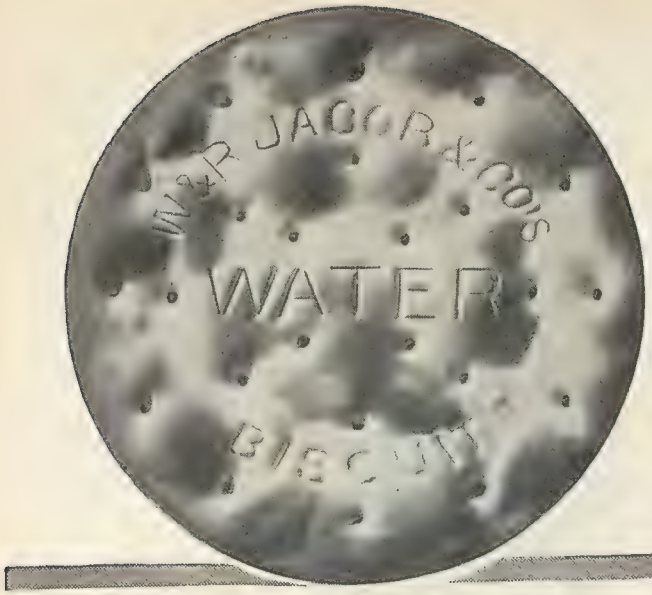
the most delicious of all fruit drinks

LEMON · ORANGE · GRAPE FRUIT · LIME · LEMON BARLEY



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Going SHOPPING TO THE FARM TO MEET THE TRAIN TO TEA AT THE VICARAGE

The ideal machine for Town and Country Homes, for when it's just too far to walk, and hardly worth taking the car, it's worth taking the 'Gadabout.' Approximately 95 miles to the gallon and equipped with the Villiers two-stroke engine and a three-speed foot change giving a 30-m.p.h. cruising speed, the 'Gadabout' certainly needs investigation. Demonstrations at your local 'Swallow' Agent, or full information on request.

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SO SIMPLE, ECONOMICAL & SUCH A PLEASURE

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The discrepancy is interesting. It could be caused by the vaulting ambition of wishful thinkers; or it could be due to the impossibility of determining just where, among the host of minor clerical, retail and other occupations, the working classes end and the middle begin. And if occupation is no help, neither is income. A hard-and-fast income line might put the £1,000-a-year waiter well into the middle classes and the £250-a-year teacher into the working classes.

There remain the imponderables like education, accent, manners, dress—once the plain hallmark of class. Even these are not the criterion they were. For though to-day a passable standard in any of these is open to millions more than previously, the well-educated may not be well-dressed and the well-dressed may not necessarily be well-spoken. You pay your money (if you have any) and you take your choice.

So complex, in fact, are the ramifications of modern society, so numerous are the types and grades of occupation (due to a hugely expanded bureaucracy and enormous strides in science and technology) and so different the financial rewards that one wonders if the old rigid class distinctions still mean anything, or if they would not be better scrapped.

Yet one realizes that somewhere among that vast, loosely-knit group called for convenience the middle classes is the traditional backbone of our body politic, and that that backbone is showing signs of strain. It has served us well in the past; it might pay to ensure that it doesn't get badly out of joint now.

END

She Was A Menace

(*Continued from page* 31)

Miss Phelps was still chattering, and that had a numbing effect. Perhaps the simplest method of relieving himself of embarrassment would be to scrutinize the wretched papers. It was most unlikely that there would be anything wrong with them. In such matters Miss Phelps was so scrupulously exact that she made a nuisance of herself. She was one of the few people who obeyed official instructions to the letter; not infrequently she read more into the instructions than was ever intended.

"You've nothing to worry about here," he assured her. "The papers are in perfect order."

"I'm so very relieved to learn that," Miss Phelps assured him. "It's most kind of you to set all my doubts at rest." She hesitated. "You know, sometimes there are sudden alterations made to the regulations. Would it be troubling you too much if I telephoned you first thing in the morning to check. . . ."

Captain Radkiewicz had no intention of being available first thing in the morning. He said, hurriedly: "I can assure you there will be no alterations. You can set your mind at rest on that score."

"Very good news indeed," said Miss Phelps. "It's a meeting of my society. Of course, you know about my work. . . ." She favoured him with a smile which would not have disgraced a gargoyle.

"I know, I know," said the captain quickly. "I've heard all about you from my aunt. . . ."

"Of course, of course. Your Aunt Anna. Such a charming woman And she's so proud of you. . . ."

The captain scowled. He realized, too late, the tactical mistake of mentioning his aunt. She was a woman whom he disliked intensely, all the more so because—for financial reasons—he was compelled to treat her with a show of affection.

"You must excuse me, please," he said swiftly. "I have a number of duties. . . ."

"But, naturally. In your position of trust." Miss Phelps returned her papers to the shapeless bag, rummaged inside it for a second or so, and produced a crumpled leaflet. "I'm positive this will interest you," she said, pushing it into his hand. "It tells you all about the work of the society which I have the honour to serve. I left one with your Aunt Anna, and she was most enthusiastic. . . ."

"No doubt, no doubt," muttered the captain. "I wish you 'good-day,' Miss Phelps." He clicked his heels and then turned abruptly away.

"Do be sure to look at the leaflet carefully," Miss Phelps called after him. "You'll find it very, very interesting, captain. Don't throw it away by mistake. . . ."

The captain, going towards the control tower on a completely unnecessary mission, realized that Lieutenant Pol was accompanying him.

"That woman, sir," said Pol. "Are you certain she's all that she claims to be?"

Captain Radkiewicz snorted. "All that and a heap more besides," he said, with obvious disgust. "There's more than one department which will be only too glad to see the back of her."

"Perhaps," suggested the lieutenant, "it could be arranged that difficulties could be raised regarding her return. . . ."

"Unfortunately," the captain told him, "she dispenses charity. The money is useful to the State. So, for the moment. . . ." He decided it would be unwise to finish the statement. He crumpled the leaflet even more, and thrust it into his pocket.

"One thing," said Pol soothingly, "there'll be no need to see her to-morrow. She can take her place with the others. . . ."

"You don't know Miss Phelps as well as I do," said Captain Radkiewicz bitterly.

"I've met her a time or two, sir. Been bored to tears listening to her interminable. . . ."

"But she hasn't made a close friend of one of your aunts."

"I haven't an aunt living, sir." (*Continued on page* 85)

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"You're a lucky man. I congratulate you!"

CAPTAIN RADKIEWICZ swore, gratingly and efficiently. "I knew it!" he muttered. Lieutenant Pol saw the ungainly figure in the long coat approaching, and flinched a little. He wished Miss Phelps to perdition. The captain's temper had deteriorated sharply since coming to the airport. On this particular morning there was every possible danger sign. Wrath and censure accompanied the captain with each impatient stride. Pol, alone, had escaped the scorching eruption. He'd achieved this by remaining mutely in the background. But Miss Phelps, he thought with dismay, would bring a flaming torch to dynamite. There'd be no escaping the blast.

"Captain Radkiewicz!"

The captain snapped his fingers. "I told you yesterday your papers were in order!" he snapped.

"Oh, the papers. Yes, yes. You were very kind. But I've developed a cold. So thick in my throat. Are there any quarantine regulations? I mean—shall I be turned back at the other end, or be conducted to hospital?"

"That's for the French to decide. I see no reason why you shouldn't go." The captain's tone implied that he could suggest a more appropriate destination than Paris.

"I do hope . . . It's most important, you know. I told you about the meeting. But there's another thing. Did you look through that leaflet I handed you, Captain Radkiewicz? If you're interested, I could bring you back the report on our activities for last year. It's really absorbing. . . . I've promised your Aunt Anna a copy. . . ."

Captain Radkiewicz took a deep breath. The glare in his dark eyes was so intense that Lieutenant Pol experienced an inner shrinking. But the captain struggled to regain composure. He remembered, just in time, that the abominable Miss Phelps was able to buttonhole the Minister himself. He remembered also, her friendship with his aunt, who possessed considerable wealth and had so far omitted to make a will.

He spoke. The voice was strangled, quivering, barely recognizable as his own.

"Lieutenant Pol, will you escort Miss Phelps to the aircraft. See that she takes her place, and see that she remains there. Make certain that when the machine leaves she is on board."

Lieutenant Pol, dreading the storm, stepped forward briskly. Captain Radkiewicz stood there, quivering with anger. A voice, mercifully fading, was saying: "So very considerate of you, Captain Radkiewicz. I shall most certainly drop a line from Paris to your aunt, telling her. . . ."

Captain Radkiewicz took out a handkerchief and mopped his face.

AND in the Embassy, at about this time, Lester was leaning back in his chair, gasping with surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Lester. Not only my papers; but my coat. How I came to lose them I really can't imagine. I'm afraid the authorities will be most unpleasant over it. It seemed to me that the only thing I could do was to come here for protection. I shall be so sorry to miss Paris. Not only for the meeting . . . but that wonderful pianist Krasinski is giving a special concert, to celebrate his escape to freedom . . . ."

And as Lester stared blankly at her, Miss Phelps leaned forward and smiled at him. Anybody else might justly have described it as a leer; but to Lester it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

END

When Britain Was On Show A Century Ago

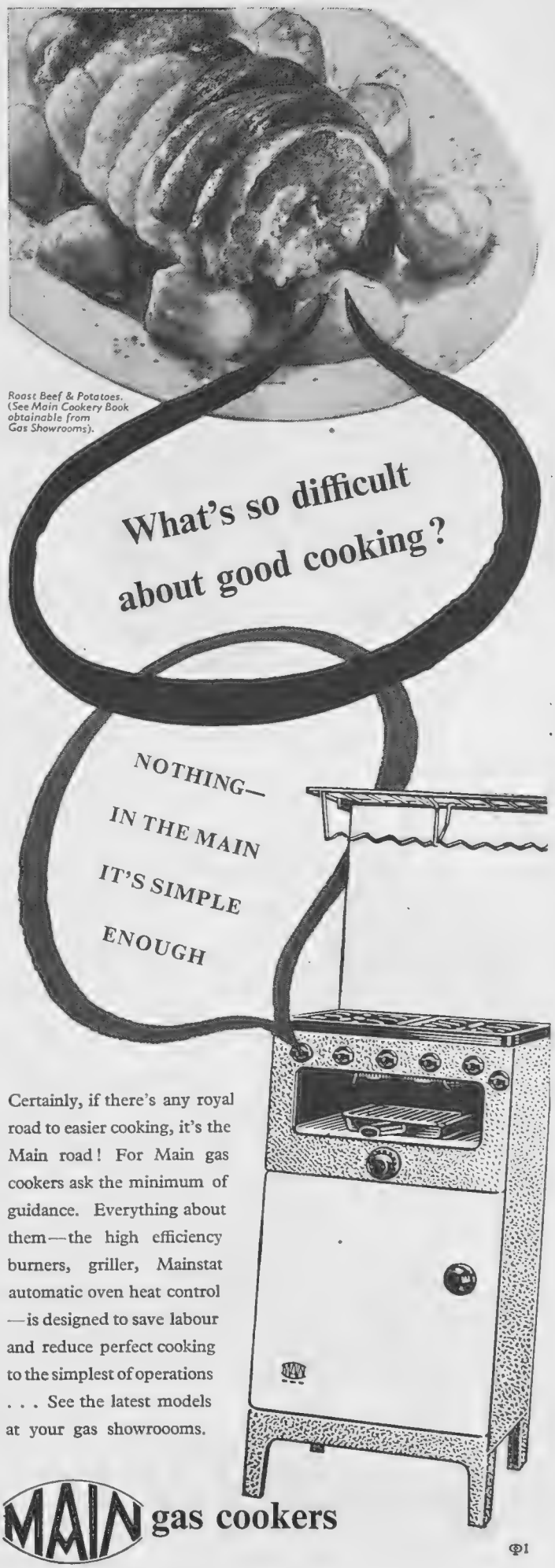
(*Continued from page* 20)

at the sides, but also back and front. On top were no less than eight burners in "well-holes," and with this stove, it was claimed, twelve chops could be cooked simultaneously at a cost of twopence an hour!

But no one took these, the first gas stoves, very seriously. Certainly they would have laughed at the idea that half the country would be cooking its meals on them within half a century. Everyone in 1851 cooked on a coal stove, open at the top so that pans went direct on to the coals. Roasting was done in front of the fire with a clockwork "bottle-jack" which had just replaced the spit. The closed coal-range was only just coming in. Bunsen's revolutionary "blue-flame" burner for gas was not shown at the Great Exhibition because it had not been invented. Gaslights were shown, "bats-wing" flames, giving perhaps ten candle-power as well as sulphurous fumes from the rather impure gas of the time. But many housewives preferred tallow candles or oil lamps. "Oil" meant animal or vegetable oil—it was only in the year before the exhibition that Young discovered a mineral oil of much superior quality could be distilled from Scotch shales.

THE housewife to-day goes to exhibitions looking for labour-saving devices. The housewife of 1851 had no interest in labour saving, because labour was plentiful and cheap. Indeed, judging by the catalogues she delighted in labour-wasting furnishings of every kind. It was just at that time that furniture and furnishings reached the acme of bad taste, with everything pretending to be something else.

Of labour-saving devices there were almost none. The great wonder was the knife-cleaning machine, although the majority of housewives probably decided that elbow-grease was cheaper. Stainless steel was still seventy years away. Even enamelled tin (*Continued on page* 86)


Roast Beef & Potatoes. (See Main Cookery Book obtainable from Gas Showrooms).
What's so difficult about good cooking?
NOTHING—
IN THE MAIN
IT'S SIMPLE
ENOUGH

Certainly, if there's any royal road to easier cooking, it's the Main road! For Main gas cookers ask the minimum of guidance. Everything about them—the high efficiency burners, griller, Mainstat automatic oven heat control—is designed to save labour and reduce perfect cooking to the simplest of operations . . . See the latest models at your gas showroooms.

MAIN gas cookers

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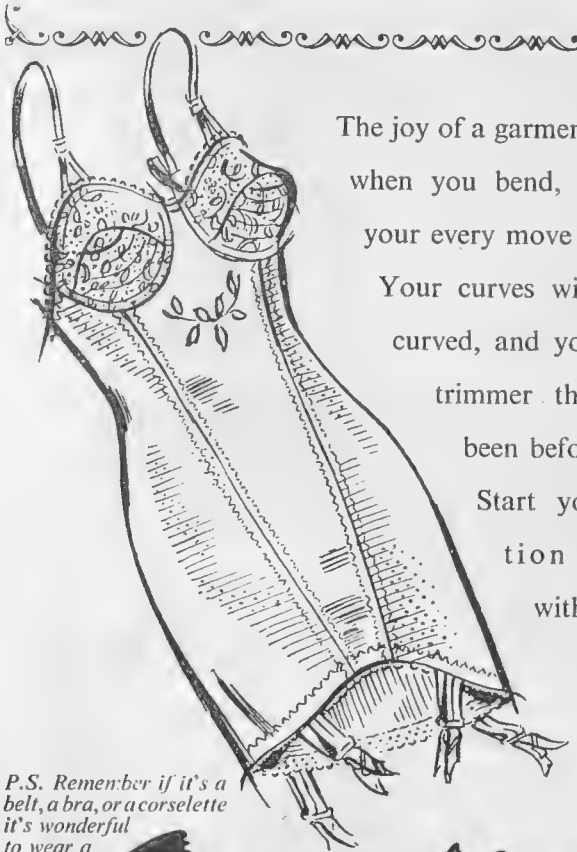
Sleek kitten hips **for you . .**

. . . . . *In Sensation's caressing corselette !*



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Your curves will be gently curved, and your waistline trimmer than its ever been before.

Start your foundation wardrobe with.—

EVE N.
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From all the better stores

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ware was not on show because the process had not been perfected. Metal was only just taking the place of wood for many utensils—hence the "wonderful" graining of metal water cans to make them look like wood ! The cans were necessary, of course, to take water to the bedrooms for the hip-baths. Plumbing as we understand it was still in the future. One exhibit does suggest that an inventor had given a thought to the woman who did the housework. The Improved Dustpan had a reservoir to contain the dust and a means of quickly discharging it.

The Great Exhibition concentrated on the gigantic and the minute. Manufacturers vied with each other in showing larger and larger pieces of furniture; mammoth chests for clothes, twenty-foot high mirrors, immense tables. In contrast there were such items as temples with many minarets carved from nut kernels. It was these things that attracted the attention of the visitors, not such items as a horse-drawn mechanical reaper, made by C. H. M'Cormick. This Virginia grain reaper could cut one and a half to two acres of wheat in an hour, using only two men. An expert commentator called it "the most important addition to farming machinery that has been invented since the threshing machine took the place of the flail," but the public passed it by in their preference for gigantic porcelain statuary. The reaper went back to the States to make possible the revolution in agriculture that gave us the "Wheat Belt" without which millions in Europe would have starved.

TURNING the pages of the catalogue, what strikes you is not the wonder of the items shown, but the items that were not shown. There were cigars—but no cigarettes. Forty years were to pass before cigarettes attracted attention. There was "a complete suit, trousers and gaiters in one piece without any seam" and a "V-breasted, swivel-collared shirt," but no specimen of the garment we think so typical of mid-Victorianism, the bloomers of Mrs. Bloomer. There was no aluminium, no magnesium, metals which will probably dominate the 1951 Festival. The new wonder-material was rubber, but employed in such ingenuities as "Halkett's India-rubber Cloak Boat" which could be inflated with bellows and used to cross rivers rather than the elastic which was to displace so many hooks and eyes. There were fifty railway exhibits but not even the hint of a bicycle, much less the motor car, destined between them to bring transport back to the roads within a half-century.

The visitors saw the beginnings of marvels whose significance was beyond them and goggled before exhibits which were destined from birth for museums. We should be guilty of smugness if we thought we should necessarily do better at the Dome of Discovery in 1951. What shall we make in the future of the radar telescope, the tele-cinema and nuclear fission power? Shall we fall rather for a showy piece of magnesium-zirconium alloy or be led to believe that new seaweed discoveries will solve all shortages?

PERHAPS the most remarkable of all the inventions at the Great Exhibition was—the Great Hall itself. Its new components, glass and iron construction, were neglected for many decades. This gigantic glasshouse sprang fully-fledged from the brain of gardener Joseph Paxton on to a piece of blotting paper, something completely new. The name "Crystal Palace" was given to it in a quip in *Punch* by Douglas Jerrold and "stuck." Now we are building a "Dome of Discovery," a "Perpendicular Object" and other items. Will a joke in 1951 provide a name for the centennial Festival of Britain that will ensure it being remembered in 2051? What will be the exhibits missing in 1951 that the people of 2051 will be thinking of when they exclaim "How on earth did they get on without that?" Will they regard our twentieth-century "streamlining" as distastefully as we regard Victorian ornament?

END

International Wallflowers

(*Continued from page* 13)

BY far the most numerous category is, of course, the clerical—secretarial, typing, files, records, translating—and this is the field that has sprouted S.W.14 and her like. Many of these girls are learning that they cannot just send themselves abroad, well-found materially, as they may be, and expect things to sort themselves out in their private lives.

Possibly the simplest diagnosis is that one has to be attracted in the first instance to life in a foreign country, which being the case, transforms unexpected snags into so many challenges to be overcome. But if you talk like that to an international wallflower, it won't get you very far.

That's what they call themselves—wallflowers—and they should know. The music calls around them, but partners are all too rare. I confess it surprised me to hear this from English—*British*—girls. Were their mothers and aunts who shot a leg and a glance in the twenties built differently? I tried to imagine what might have been the complaints of a London girl given a flat and the equivalent of a £20 a week job in Paris round about Locarno time.

How much more is a Paris flat coveted to-day ! Vacant ones are becoming almost as rare as salmon in the Sahara. You see advertisements begging for a bed in a corner. Sharing with one other girl, S.W.14's good fortune would be paradise. I reminded her of the contortions that are necessary to get a flat.

But S.W.14 was scarce amused. The ghost of a smile, and she came back with : "What's the use of sharing a flat even with another girl you can get on with, if we're stuck there most evenings? I had a far better time in London earning a third of what (*Continued on page* 88)

It looks a different room

with my new curtains . . .

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Whether making your new curtains yourself, or having them made up, always be sure to ask for " Rufflette " brand curtain tape. With " Rufflette " tape your curtains drape in rich, even folds, and the hooks or rings need no stitching. Your curtains can be made ready instantly for laundering. No wonder " Rufflette " tape is the secret of *all* lovely curtains!

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'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE

with Hooks or Rings

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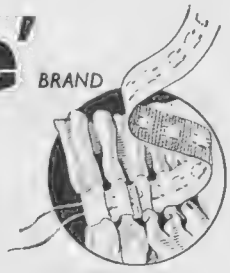

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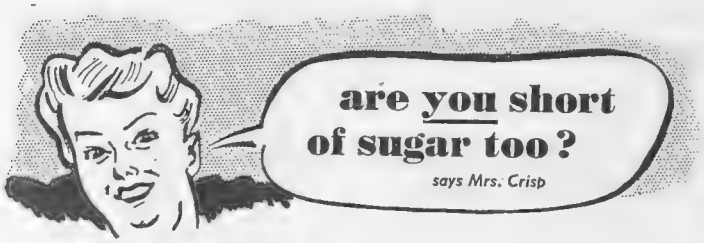

"Sugar isn't easy these days (says Mrs. Crisp), especially when you've a family! Kiddies just can't resist tipping up the sugar sifter however often you tell them — and anyway they *need* sugar, for energy!

"That's why the new sweeter Weetabix is such really *wonderful* news for housewives and mothers. You see it isn't just a *little* sweeter: it's *twice as sweet*. *Double* sugar in Weetabix now, yet no extra cost!

"Buy a packet to-day and watch the *whole family* go for its extra sugar. And write to me, Mrs. Crisp, at 18 Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants, for a copy of my *recipe* folder, too. Weetabix isn't only a breakfast food!"

Weetabix
—more than a breakfast food
9d. and 1/4½d.
Wheat, malt, extra sugar and salt, crisply toasted

I get here. We might as well be living in a British colony in the heart of Africa. We see the same faces all the time while at work, and not even them in playtime—forgive the term! Frenchmen seem to fight shy of us and there aren't enough Englishmen in Paris to go round."

There she said a mouthful. This *is* a different Continent, to work on, compared with the twenties and the thirties. To take only the angle S.W.14 mentioned, exchange restrictions, and lately the drop in the value of sterling, have created a relative desert where formerly one's fellow-countrymen and women rarely failed to materialize—and the person who lives abroad does rely immensely on meeting his and her own people. Nor have I found in my own case that mixing with them means mixing less with the natives of the country.

Apropos, S.W.14 spoke a second mouthful when she said she could hardly talk a word of French. There was never any trouble in recruiting French speakers for the League of Nations and its ancillary bodies. What has supervened to alter this? Well, the Post Office gives the answer, having had to lower its standards for exchange operators. Few girls now go to finishing schools or convents in France and Switzerland, the reason being that middle—and upper-income-groups can no longer afford it. The war was also responsible, when it closed the Continent for at least seven years to many who would have become proficient in a foreign language in normal times.

So now we have our wallflower abroad—(*a*) vainly scanning the ballroom for an unattached male of her own nationality, and (*b*) varyingly tongue-tied. What contributes further to that browned-off feeling which makes girls from the U.K., in particular, apply to go home, decide in favour of difficulties and rationing there, but among friends and with evenings out, as against boring demi-loneliness elsewhere?

Well, there's the geography of devalued sterling. It so happens that our distressed sisterhood is chiefly located in two of the severest spots on the Continent in respect of value for the £: Paris and Geneva.

Recently the U.N. Health Organization at Geneva offered £17 a week tax-free posts to British typists, yet the advertisement fetched a mere twenty-three replies and only one applicant succeeded in passing the test although this was quite a simple one, not demanding high speed. Such ploughing pointed only to one thing: the really competent girls weren't interested. Probably they had heard that salaries, paid in Swiss francs, are too low and living quarters too dear. The dread word "wallflower" may even have been wafted in their direction. I quote:

"Several girls who came out on short-term contracts refuse to renew them. 'We are tired of being wallflowers in Geneva,' said one. 'At weekends we can do scarcely anything as we haven't enough money.' Swiss boys fight shy of British girls."

Cause and effect? Are we to gather that Swiss boys expect their "dates" to come forward with at least a share of the expenditure? Probably yes. Among young people of to-day, that's nothing new. But the plot thickens when we cross back to Paris. For here we learn one complaint to be that English girls *earn too much*! "Frenchmen do not seem to like us," say the girls. "We cannot keep pace with them," replies the local male. Peering below the surface, the trouble may be that *les Anglaises* jib at being taken to "the little places" profoundly scented by garlic and Gaulois fumes; that they hold out for places they can say they've been to.

Knowing how the average Frenchman demurs to any "extravagance" when on gallantry engaged, I suggest to girls in peril of flowering by the wall, that they transfer some of the £20 which they are reputed to send home each week, to a reserve marked "escorts." Sums can be dexterously transferred from the handbag to the escort on the way to the more refined spot, when the faint brush with gigoloism will be found to add zest to a Parisian evening.

But stay! "We do not like their general outward appearance. With the money they earn they should be able to dress with more chic." "Meaning," I put it, "that they should dye their hair a shade of off-blonde or Picasso-red and dress accordingly?" "Not at all. A national type is a national type and what Frenchwomen can manage, is beside the point." I gathered (as usual) that tailor-mades and naturalness suit the British type. Whatever was worn, untidiness and lack of selectivity in colour and line were current blemishes to guard against.

IF the international side of this story has dwindled, and the British aspect gained emphasis, that's explicable by the fact that, if American, British and French women greatly predominate in the international civil service, due to their countries being members of every organization, there aren't as many American and French wallflowers, as British. The American girl even of modest grading cashes in on the American male's subservient attitude. While Mademoiselle is batting much of the time on her own pitch, she invariably finds men who talk her language, and has no desire to conceal her expansive, coquettish ways.

Which puts me in mind of something else that swells the ranks of international wallflowers. "We find it difficult to cope with the English girl's reserve." To listen to this being elaborated, is to have a vision of "Mees" behind three or four rows of field works, bringing her defence mechanism into play at each approach or feint of her escort, regarding whose foreign ways, she has been, well, perhaps exaggeratedly primed.

There's an obvious remedy here, and that is for British wallflowers to take lessons in how-to-keep-foreign-men-from-getting-too-fresh-while-continuing-to-keep-them-interested from none other than *les Girls* of gladly remembered pep-cum-savvy. They are to be found "at hoje" up at Montmartre most afternoons, talking English seventeen to the dozen.

END

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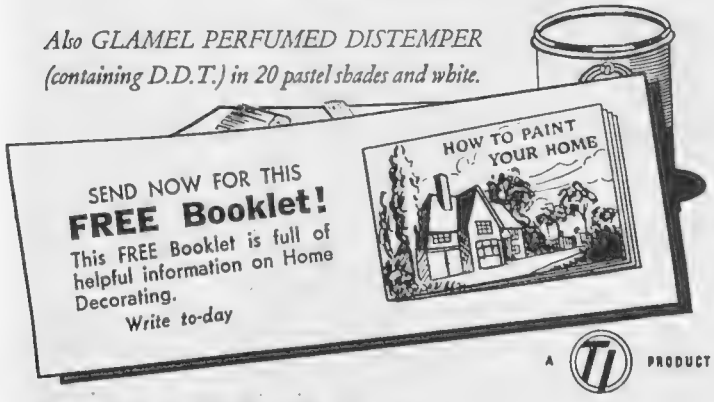

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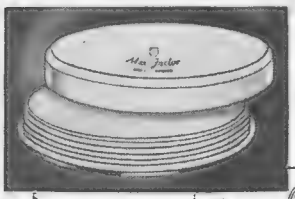

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Shortcake
by PEEK FREAN

Life In The Far-Off Shetlands

(*Continued from page* 33)

that the tradition was that a man could walk across the Sound of Bressay dry-shod from one side to the other of the mile wide sound, and their wooden-clogged crews came ashore to barter with the Norwegians!

Certainly Shetland's twenty thousand inhabitants are the most sea-conscious in Britain. For every man, woman and child the sea comes first. But, at the same time, one has to remember that there are close on two hundred thousand sheep in the islands, mainly of the little multi-coloured native breed, and that the annual revenue from their wool, in the form of knitted garments, may equal or exceed that from the fishing industry. It would be difficult to walk any distance in Shetland, from seashore to hilltop, and not come across this remarkable animal, which can survive for the greater part of the year on a diet of sedges, mosses and seaweed, and can yet rear an equally hardy lamb and often twin lambs. The majority of the sheep belong to the crofters, and are tended by the women and old men, for a large proportion of Shetland men are continually at sea, fishing or whaling or in the Merchant Navy—Shetland is the home of retired sea-captains.

To the fine silky texture of the Shetland sheep's wool, add, too, an unrivalled skill in knitting and crocheting, inherited from generations of knitters, the magnificent designs and colourful patterns handed down from their Scandinavian forebears, with possibly some additions from the survivors of a wrecked Spanish Armada galleon, and you will appreciate that this Fair Isle garments industry is essentially an industry of the home, and those that stay at home while the men are at sea, the women. The scraggy, angular Shetland sheep, some white, some moorit brown, others blue-grey or black or *catmuggit*—a motley of all colours—have become worth their weight in gold. At midsummer the sheep are roo'd or plucked, and the wool is sent to the mills to be carded and spun, half the weight being returned to the owner for her own use. Knitting a beret in half a day or a Fair Isle jumper in five nights, one woman can average four or five pounds a week all through the year—or could, for prices are falling.

To travel any distance in Shetland, whose three main islands and more than a hundred smaller islands stretch for seventy miles from north to south, is to pass through an extraordinary diversity of scenery of spacious sands, gigantic cliffs and headlands, interminable sea-voes, green holms and islands, and above all that desolate waste of hill and moorland forming most of the hinterland of Shetland and often shredded with innumerable small lochs. It would be hard to imagine a bleaker scene than that of bog-sodden hill shelving down from three sides to the gaunt, rusted corrugated-iron shed and chimney-stack of a fish-guano station. Here and there in odd contrast are white croft-houses, with thatched or tarred-felt roofs, and narrow strips of crofting ground intersected by numerous drains. Everywhere on moor and hill are brown peat-stacks and the stone-dyked planti-crubs, only a few yards square, in which cabbage seedlings are raised and even tiny plots of corn or potatoes; or sometimes a sudden beauty of garden flowers with flaming tiger-lilies, grotesque Australian daisies, mimulus from America, and English lupins and michaelmas daisies growing side by side with gigantic cultivated strains of lady's-mantle and rose-root, and even red campion—for unlike most island peoples, the Shetland folk have a passion for flowers, and an eye for beauty which finds expression in some of their exquisite Fair Isle designs.

END

The Legend Of "Saba Gin"

(*Continued from page* 24)

before he reached the seven girls. . . .

Fever struck him down, and for many weeks he hovered on the brink of life; then, recovered, he rode at last in triumph into Suakim. He would rest awhile; time enough to feast his eyes at the dawn of the new day. Meanwhile, a little matter awaited his command.

Brought cringing before him came a pitiable figure, an unbelieving rascal who had tried, with all manner of wile, to set eyes on the seven lovely girls, *but always without success*. The women gaolers had watched him these last few nights, then given this miserable, frightened creature over to the guard. And here, shaking with abject fear, he begged for his life . . . and the Eastern potentate heard him out, then gave a brief order . . . and the wretch was taken away into the open country, enclosed in a pillar of lime, and left there, upright, to be crushed lifeless as the living tomb contracted in the merciless heat of the biting sun; many a Redcoat looked upon that grim monument . . . and shuddered. . . .

At break of day the door of the dungeon was thrown open. And there, in the half-light, singing quietly together in a far corner, were seven lovely girls . . . with seven babies cradled in their rounded arms! Of their female gaolers there was no sign, for they had fled in terror.

Before the last shafts of daylight had dissolved behind the far-away bush the seven girls and their seven babies were put to death. For, of a certainty, said the Eastern potentate, they had been visited by seven evil spirits; and he laid a curse on Suakim, that prosperous, shimmering white city, and changed it overnight into the City of Ghosts. It was the curse of "Saba Gin." And as he turned away, heading for home with heavy heart, he heard the plaintive wail of Arabia's "Singing Sands"—and by dawn, he, too, was dead. . . .

Legend dies hard. It is a fantastic story but, (*Continued on page* 92)

There *are* two bottles of Lembar. One *is* twice as big as the other. The half-bottle of Invalid Lembar with glucose content comes from the chemist, the big bottle of Beverage Lembar comes (with luck) from the grocer or wine merchant. Pure Lemon juice and barley, palatably sweetened, never yet made anyone see double — though plenty of people like to visualise their Lembar in terms of a round half-dozen.

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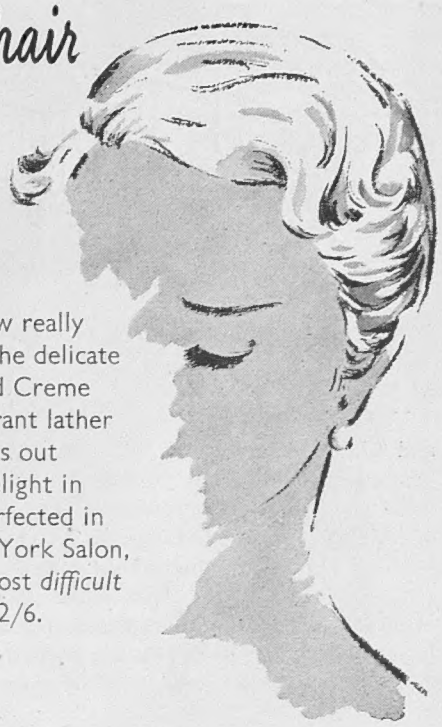

Give your hair a chance to show how really lovely it can be by entrusting it to the delicate care of the Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo ! Feel its gentle, rich, fragrant lather cleanse and refresh, see how it rinses out instantly. Look in the mirror and delight in what this liquid-creme shampoo, perfected in the exclusive Richard Hudnut New York Salon, has done for your hair ! Even the most *difficult* hair will be easier to manage. Price 2/6. Large economy size 7/6.

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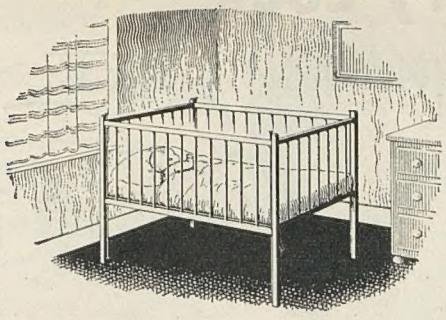

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according to Mohammedans, strictly true. And, thus, this "Port of the Seven Evil Spirits" became an empty city, peopled, they still say, by the shadows of dark-skinned sailormen and villainous slave-raiders who flog their human wares as they herd them into their creaking dhows, whose long masts lean back like plumes before the wind as they make for the open sea. An empty city, to be shunned like the plague by night, deserted by day save for those reptiles which have made their hide-away homes among the crumbling white stonework.

Little more than ten years ago Suakim came to life once again, as the scenic background for the Technicolor film of A. E. W. Mason's epic "The Four Feathers." And, once again, those ruined streets echoed with the cries of slaves as the prisoners of the "Mad" Mahdi were driven with the lash through the city to the waterside to wash.

Once again, Suakim's great windowless buildings looked down, silent witness, on the bustle of Redcoats and slaves, and heard that soft music of the amulets the "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" carried on leather thongs around their necks as they danced with wild frenzy that victory dance after an attack on the zareba, when all save fifteen of the Redcoats were slaughtered, 'way back in 1889.

Nearly three thousand local tribesmen, with more than fifteen hundred men of the East Surrey Regiment, the Sudanese Mounted Police and the Camel Corps, playing the part of Kitchener's army, brought back to life for a fleeting period "The Port of The Seven Evil Spirits." But not one man among these 3,000 tribesmen would dare venture into Suakim after nightfall. For, they said, the very greatness of the Legend of "Saba Gin," and the silent magnificence of those deserted white buildings, people it with ghosts. . . .

To-day, only the sun and the wind, playing about those empty, echoing thoroughfares, a native magistrate and six policemen maintain the last vestige of life in this crumbling wilderness which once heard the sounds of ships bringing British troops for the conquest of the Sudan, under Kitchener. The wilderness which lies silent and passive, its aged bones bleaching in the sun.

END

Milky Way (*Continued from page* 59)

a little milk. Put rest of milk and sugar in pan; bring to boil. Pour gradually on to cornflour, stirring to keep free of lumps. Return to pan; bring to boil and simmer a few minutes till thickened; add ginger chopped small, grated rind of lemon and a few drops of vanilla essence. Cook for about 10 minutes. Pour into well-wetted mould. When cold turn out. Decorate with cherries and angelica.

LOBSTER CREAM SOUP

Make up 1 pint vegetable stock using carrots, turnips, onions, etc., and a blade of mace. Chop vegetables, cover with water, add salt and simmer about an hour. Pour through a vegetable sieve. Make a paste with 3 small dessertspoonfuls of cornflour and a little milk. Boil ½-pt. of milk and pour gradually into paste, stirring to keep smooth. Return to pan, bring to boil and simmer 3 or 4 minutes till thickened, stirring all the time. Strain vegetable stock gradually; add juice of a lemon; season well. If too thick, add a little more milk. Flake the contents of a tin of lobster. Pour soup into cups with a few pieces of lobster in each.

CAULIFLOWER CHEESE SOUP

Ingredients: 1 large cauliflower; 1½ oz. semolina; 2 oz. grated cheese; ¾ pint milk; ¾ pint white stock; seasoning.

Wash cauliflower, cut up; boil till tender in salted water; drain (retaining liquid) and put through sieve. Make paste with semolina and a little milk. Boil remaining milk, stock and a pint of the water in which cauliflower was cooked. When boiling, pour gradually on to semolina, stirring to keep smooth. Return to pan; when boiling simmer 15 minutes. Add cauliflower. Season. Serve with dish of grated cheese.

Good cream soups can be made in the same way with a pureé of lentils, peas, haricot beans, etc.

END

Chicken In The Spring

(*Continued from page* 59)

Regulo 6 or 375° F., about 40 minutes. This is good accompanied with creamed spinach and sauté potatoes.

DEVILLED CHICKEN LEGS

Cut drumsticks from the thighs at the joint; make three or four cuts with a knife across the top; brush over lightly with made mustard and sprinkle with flour. Lay dabs of dripping over and lay in a well-greased tin and put under the grill. The flame should not be too fierce or the top will burn and the meat harden. After two or 3 minutes, turn and grill the other side. Turn again, and when crisp and golden remove and serve very hot. Accompany with a few squares of the stuffing fried, bread sauce, green peas or beans and new potatoes and if liked, grilled sausages.

1.5.50

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"Can you please recommend shoes suitable for the Whitsun holiday that I am spending at the seaside? My feet are very slim, so that I find it difficult to buy good-fitting shoes."

HELEN ANTHONY replies: "I know just what you need—a pair of Selberite Arch Preserver shoes called TARLETON. All Selberite models are made in multiple fittings—to suit slender, medium and broad feet. This means that to each length there are several widths. TARLETON are smoothly fashioned in matt white buck with cool, punched vamps and calf facings in tan or blue. These light-as-foam shoes make a gay addition to the seaside panorama of blue sea, white promenade and white-winged gulls."

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INDIVIDUAL DATE RINGS

6 oz. Flour	2 oz. Sugar
1 teasp. Bird's Baking Powder	3 oz. Dates
Pinch of Salt	1 Egg (well beaten)
3 oz. Margarine	½ teaspoon Mixed Spice
	Milk to mix

Sieve flour, Bird's Baking Powder, salt and spice. Cream margarine and sugar, beat in egg. Mix the chopped dates well into the flour, then add flour and milk alternately to the creamed mixture until a soft dough is obtained. Put mixture in greased baking rings (one for each person) and bake in hot oven (425°F.) for 35/45 minutes.

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